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No. 195.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 28, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Keturah Collings*

A PRETTY IRISH PEERESS: LADY POWERSCOURT

No. 195.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday August 28, 1907

The Cullinan Diamond is to be presented to King Edward, and preparations for its theft are rapidly going forward. Mark Twain is, at the moment, in America.

* * *

"New Worlds for Old" is the title of Mr. H. G. Wells's latest contribution to the study of Socialism, but inasmuch as this is not the first time he has tackled the subject, some people think it might be called "Old Wells for New."

* * *

Americans must have been interested to learn—from a paper read at the Eisteddfod—that it was not Columbus at all, but Prince Madoc ap Owain ap-something-else who first discovered America in the twelfth century. Poor old Christopher will have to take second place with his trick of making the egg stand on end. Quite a minor affair.

* * *

A Danish Princess has written a book on the "Wild Flowers of Scandinavia." "The Princess," says the *Daily News*, "is only sixteen years old, and her love of botany is all the more interesting because her birthday is on the same day as that of Linnæus." It is nice to be able to have one's interest roused by such a harmless little coincidence as this. We wish ours were.

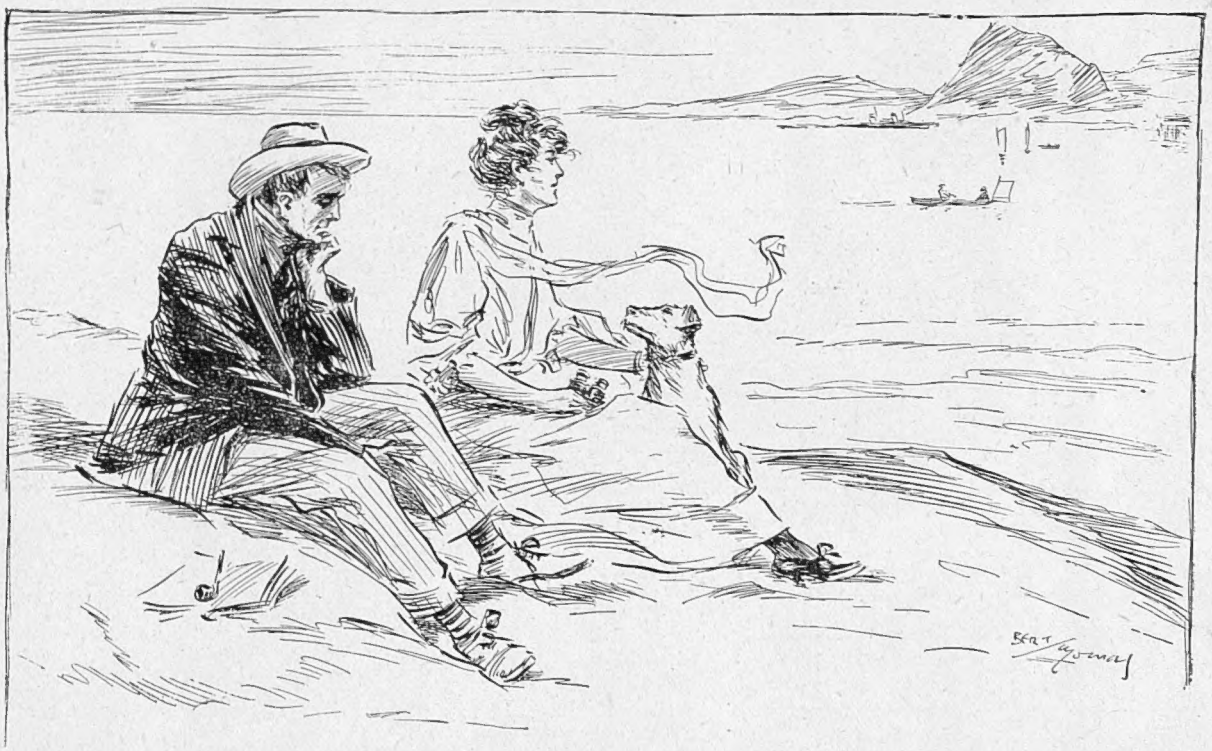
* * *

Economists who are on the look-out for further illustrations of the good or the harm done by a Protective system will be glad to note that the smugglers on the German-Polish frontier have gone on strike for higher wages. This proves, beyond any shadow of doubt, that Free Trade does not benefit the worker in a Protected country.

* * *

It is so rarely that a lady in touch with the Mahatmas arrives in this country that we feel bound to record the landing of Mrs. Tingley. The chief discoveries we have made about her is that she has come to found a Raja Yoga Institute in this country, and that in America she is known as the Purple

In tending our congratulations to the Hon. W. Guinness on his return to Parliament for Bury St. Edmunds, we must apologise for the fact that the exigencies of going to press with page 428 before the result was known compelled us to describe him there as the Conservative "Candidate" and not Member for his constituency.



THE LAST DAY

An Impression of the prevailing Seaside Expression at this time of year

BY BERT THOMAS

Lotus Mother. It is a nice name. Better than Tingley. But do Lotuses have Mothers? And why Purple?

* * *

Details as to the precise management of a Raja Yoga Institute have not been forthcoming as yet. But Mrs. Tingley's Lieutenant has stated with conviction that it is the only sort of school at which children "are taught to become noble men and women," and that the rod is not in use Evidently Mrs. Tingley would not have agreed with the Queen of Sheba about the 'cuteness of Solomon, and his advice about "Spare the rod, spoil the child." Little Theosophists apparently are never whacked. They just grow up good through responding to their teacher's influence.

* * *

Limerick

(Based on the above reflections)

There once was a lady most kingly—
Her name? It's uncommonly jingly—
She set up a school
Where "No Cane" was the rule,
And the little ones merely felt Tingley.

* * *

It is possible — says the *Express* — that the grinning masks of foxes, tigers, or badgers will be the fashionable muffs for the winter season. We hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will step in and prevent this. It is all very well turning a tiger into a muff; but we do not think it ought to be made to grin. Apart from this, we believe that a tiger's mask will make a pretty heavy muff; but, presumably, it will grin and the lady will bear it.

Some poachers in France have taken to poaching by means of a motor-car and a retriever, which picks up any game they may kill for them without necessitating a long wait. "Country Parson" writes to us to say that English motorists might learn a good deal from these French poachers. "I myself," he says, "rather than be left lying on the highway exposed to the abominable clouds of dust raised by succeeding road-hogs, would gladly be picked up by a retriever. The animal should, of course, be a strong one and properly trained. Perhaps a St. Bernard would be best."

"THE BYSTANDER'S" WEATHER "TIPS"

As the weather is, at all times, the Englishman's staple topic of conversation, and as this "summer" it has loosened a larger vocabulary than ever before in the memory of the generation, we feel that it will not, at all events, be resented by our readers if we devote to it a small space weekly. Meteorological science has made such advances during recent years, thanks to improved methods of observation and to the employment of wireless telegraphy as the harbinger of those Atlantic conditions which are responsible for all our weather, good or bad, that a reliable forecast is by no means unattainable. We have, therefore, secured the services of an expert, and on this page, it is our intention to publish, every week, a general forecast as to the weather conditions likely to prevail for the ensuing week. We have reason to believe that our authority is exceptionally well qualified to make such a forecast, which this week is as follows:—

Wednesday, August 28, to Tuesday, Sept. 3, inclusive.

It is expected that the weather this week will show a continuation of the unsettled conditions recently prevailing, and that, apart from local variations, it will shape itself as follows:—

Wednesday, 28th: Fair till evening, warm and thundery at night.

Thursday, 29th: Fair.

Friday, 30th, and Saturday, 31st: Broken and cool.

Sunday, 1st, and Monday, 2nd: Fair.

Tuesday, 3rd: Broken and cool.

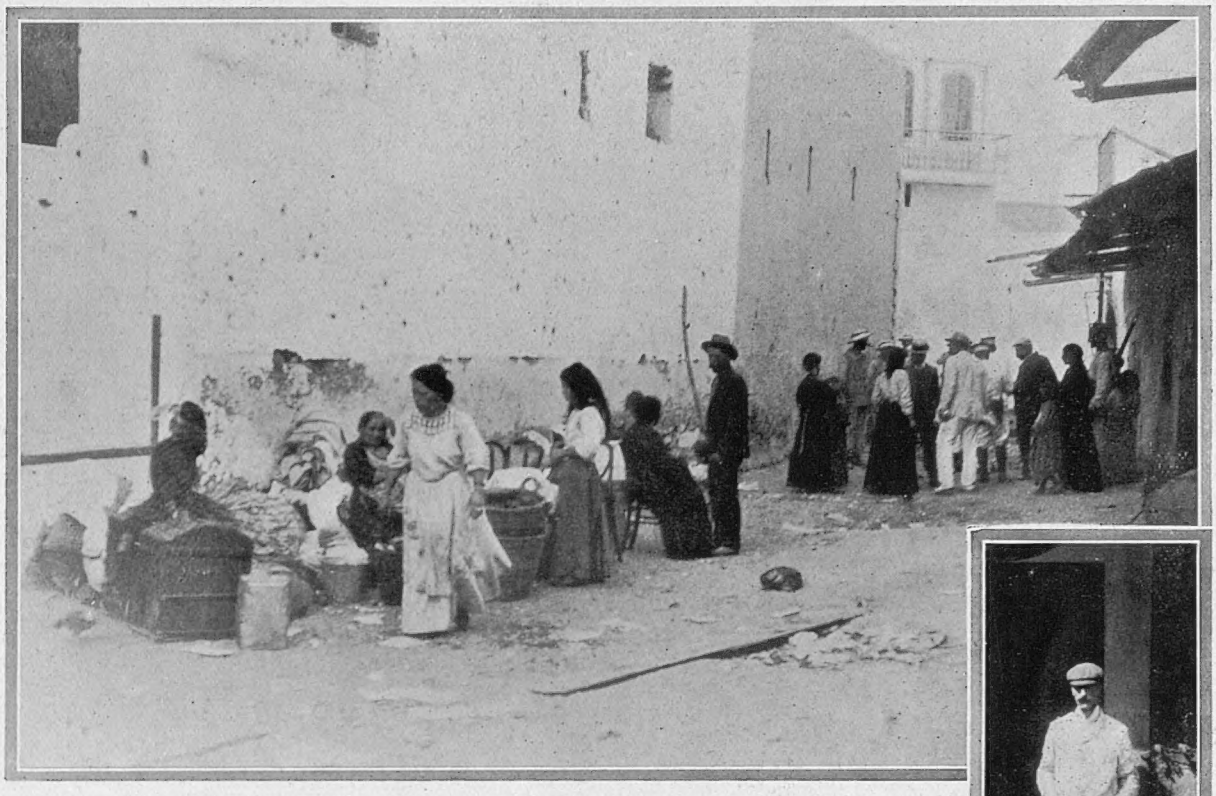
Photo *Park*

The Autumn Manœuvres (in Piccadilly)

As usual, the West End is, at this time of year, given over to the operations of the navvy. A good idea of the distribution of forces, and the strategical plan of operations, can be gained by the above photograph

Was It Necessary?

SCENES IN CASA BLANCA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE FRENCH



A Street Scene: Note the damaged walls on the left, and the very mixed crowd assembled on the right, discussing ways and means

Mr Madden
The British Consul, who displayed such *sangfroid* during the attack on the Consulate—repulsed by the aid of the French naval authorities

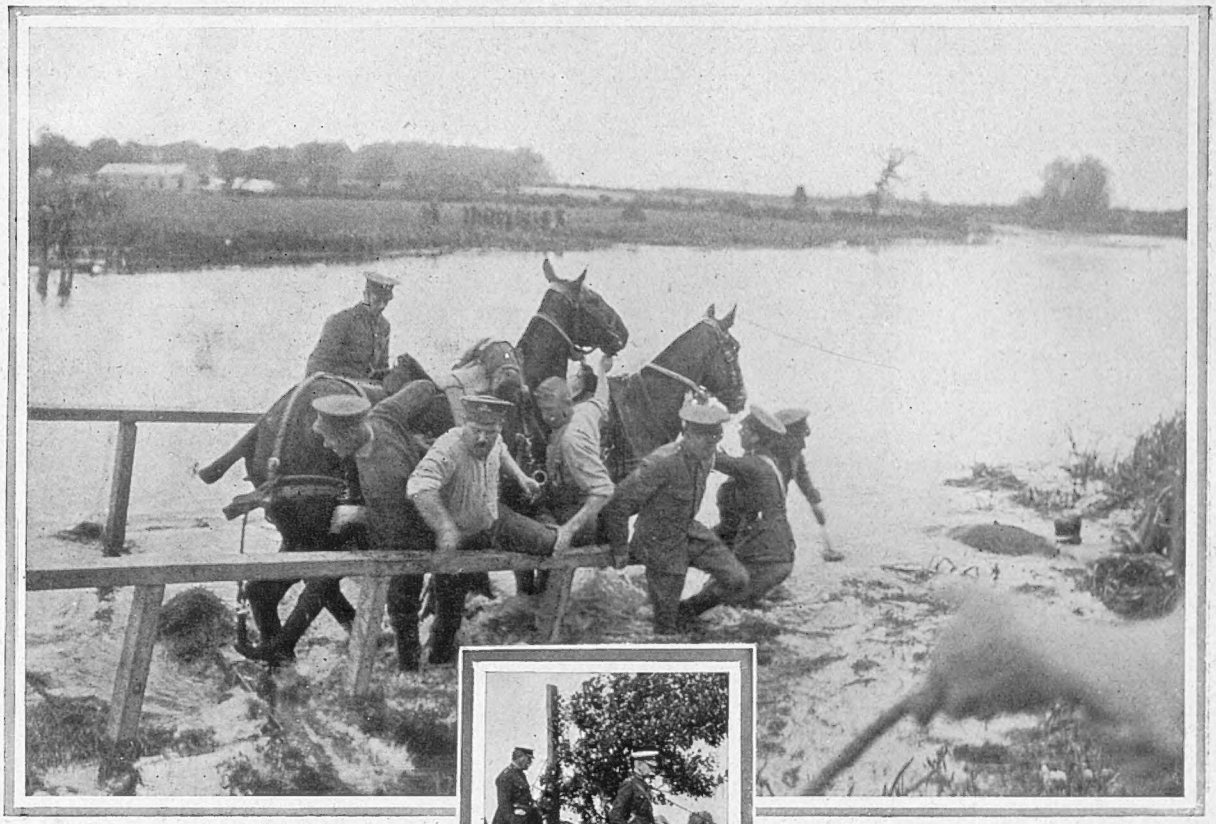
Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Mosque as Hospital: Arab patient being tended by a British surgeon, aided by a British nurse

People are still somewhat sceptical as to the necessity of the bombardment of the Moorish seaport, an idea as to the evil consequences of which can be gathered from these photographs

Mimic War in the West

SOME INCIDENTS DURING THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES LAST WEEK



"Horse-Marines!" Cavalry Landing from a Sinking Raft

Two of the Headquarters Staff

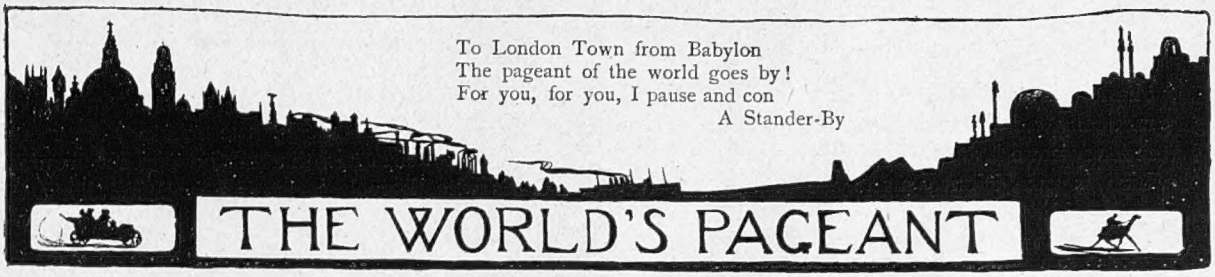
Colonel Inglefield and Major-Gen. Sir H. Plumer, K.C.B., crossing a bridge made over a mill-race

Even a mimic warfare has its exciting incidents as this picture shows. Luckily no serious accident occurred

Photos *Underwood*

A Party Crossing the Barrow

There are probably many people who did not realise that a fierce conflict was taking place last week in the West of England. War was declared on Wednesday last, and the forces of Redland and Blueland immediately began their operations. Being, however, the cavalry manœuvres of this country, no blood was shed, though all the operations are carried out in deadly earnest



Not Such a Silly Season After All

It is really a little ludicrous to talk of this as the Silly Season. All the usual expectations as to a slump in interesting material for town talk have this year been falsified. For one thing, Parliament's protracted sittings, weary as they have no doubt been to those compelled to obey the Party Whips, have been by no means devoid of sparkle and interest to the newspaper reader. Lively little incidents such as the affair between Mr. J. O'Connor and Lord Turnour, as dished up in the papers, revealing how very human, after all, these M.P.'s are, made grateful reading. Thanks to the Lords, and particularly Lord Rosebery, the dreary Scottish Land Question has been made positively lively. Apart from home politics, there have been exciting times in Ireland and in Morocco. The Anarchists have been busy in Lisbon, fortunately without harm to King Carlos. The Socialists have been squabbling quite brilliantly over in Stüttgart, and an Englishman has been clever enough to get himself expelled! Pitted against such rivals in the art of expletive as Herr Bebel and M. Hervé, this was, indeed, creditable to Mr. Quelch. The idea of calling the poor weary Hague delegates "thieves" and their mission "murder" was a bright one, and was promptly recognised as such, in the usual way, by the Wurtemburg Government. The Test Match was unusually exciting, and, once again, we were all voluntarily lured to the shrine of the great god Cricket. Then there have been the Trunk Murder, and the Cullinan diamond—in fact, news has done much to compensate for the dulness forced upon us by the appalling vagaries of the weather.

* * *

Christian Science and Theosophy

Even the silly season topics proper have this year been on distinctly a higher plane than usual. For once, the eternal domestic problem has been laid to rest, and we have been invited to busy ourselves over more profitable discussions than the amenities of husband and wife, and baby and Mary Ann, and Jeames. This year's silly season has been memorably philosophic. Christian Science and Theosophy have come, hand in hand, to the breakfast-table, and have been received with open arms by the controversial of both sexes. The paradox to me about them is that two creeds, essentially Oriental in spirit and origin, should be preached to us by prophets—or, rather, prophetesses—of the West, viz., Mrs. Eddy, of Concord, N.H., and Mrs. Katharine Tingley, of California. The unsuccessful action against Mrs. Eddy has again brought before the public the extraordinary success of that remarkable woman's creed; and one great London daily has pronounced editorially that there is "something in it." That Faith can take the place of medicine and surgery in all cases is, of course, a logical absurdity, but that the possession of it, no matter in what or whom, in sufficient

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Welsh National Eisteddfod at Swansea: The Archdruid speaking from the historic Druids' Stone

The quaint and picturesque function, the Welsh National Eisteddfod, was this year held at Swansea, and though an alarming accident occurred on one of the opening days owing to the collapse of a platform in which no one, fortunately, was injured, there has been a record attendance. One of the features was the visit of five Breton Bards. The next Eisteddfod, in 1909, is to take place in London

To Save London's Derelicts

volume, is a bulwark against bodily suffering is practically admitted. In fact, there is a general tendency nowadays against scepticism and materialism which is insufficiently made use of by the orthodox creeds with their set dogmas. Hence the enthusiastic rally to such faiths as Christian Science and Theosophy, in which a strong religious fervour is combined with an admission of first causes and scientific principles.

* * *

The New Theosophy

The exact nature of Mrs. Tingley's mission here has been so variously and so vaguely defined that one is loth to express an opinion on it. Mrs. Tingley is the leader of a sect of Theosophists which operates in California, and it is her intention, at the new "Temple" in the New Forest, given over by Miss Herbert, to institute a school wherein children will be theosophically trained. Lest parents in general should suspect Mrs. Tingley of fantastic and pagan designs, it has been explained that her object is—

So difficult to say. It is to study children, to sympathise with them, to enter into their amusements and their sorrows, to enfold them in one's arms, to make mud pies and build castles and palaces and fortresses with them, to ride over the moon on a broom, to teach them to love music and colours and flowers and sunshine, and to play with them at being kings and queens. Then you see they grow up to be kings and queens — real kings and queens.

As, incidentally, there is to be "no whipping," this seems altogether, apart from religion, to be an entirely attractive programme which should attract interest, if not instant support. When one gets to the crux of many of these faiths, there seems often to be such a strong element of commonsense that one wonders why the issue should be obscured and the public puzzled by the adoption of high-sounding names. If, however, this silly season succeeds in letting the public know what Theosophy really means, well, that will be a long step forward. For, hitherto, to the average man it has meant everything, and—nothing.

* * *

London's Derelicts

In our great capital, which, "Nourished with a million sorrows thrives," there are sights more hopeless, more utterly sad, than in any other city in the world. One of the saddest, as it is one of the cruellest, is that of the derelict women and girls who, homeless, desolate, and friendless, wander the long night through along the streets and up and down the Embankment. There are three classes of these. The first is incorrigible, the professional pauper, whose existence is a curse to the ratepayer, and who, as a thriving member of the Submerged Tenth, is at once a menace and a disgrace to the country. The second is of the "saveable" variety. It consists of "respectable" women who earn small sums by casual labour, and to whom the miseries of a night in the streets are preferable to the torments and horrors of the cheap lodging-houses, commonly known as "Kip" or "Doss" houses, which are the only refuge open for them. The third, most piteous, most terrible of all, is the poor "fallen" girl to whom no helping hand is advanced. Too weak or too unfitted for the kind of work casual labour involves, too proud to beg, too refined, probably too virtuous, perhaps not sufficiently "smart," for the ghastly procession of the West-End streets, she sinks soonest and suffers most. Often, mercifully, the river ends her sorrows. Always, without a spark of mercy, we send to the Devil the poor lame dog whom man himself has maimed.

"Olive Christian Malvery"
(Mrs. MacKirdy)
Engaged (in conjunction with Lady Brassey) in the foundation of Night Shelters for Destitute Women in London

Photos *Downey*
Lord Granard
The New Master of the Horse in succession to Lord Sefton, resigned

* * *

The "Saveable" Poor

It is for the second-named class that, at the present time, some very good work is in progress. For these "respectable" women, neither too hopeless nor too desolate to be led to higher things, Lady Brassey and Miss Olive Christian Malvery (Mrs. MacKirdy) are collecting funds for the establishment of a Shelter. Its primary object is to be the provision of a clean, warm, cheap, and comfortable night's lodging for these homeless toilers; but its secondary and more far-reaching aim is to inspire them with ambition for better ways of living and more profitable industries. In a new country, where the stress of civilisation and the overcrowding of the labour market is less acute, the best of these poor

Meccas and Their Makers

THE HOMES OF TWO FASHIONABLE CREEDS OF THE HOUR — CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THEOSOPHY

Photo *Topical Agency*

Mrs. May G. Baker Eddy

Founder of Christian Science. This photo is the one sold as a souvenir by the Christian Science publishing house. No photos of Mrs. Eddy have been taken for twenty years

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Mecca of Christian Science: "Pleasant View," Concord, N.H., the Home of Mrs. Eddy

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Hon. Nan Herbert

Sister of Lord Lucas. She has bequeathed to Theosophy the home of her father, the Hon. Auberon Herbert (shown below)

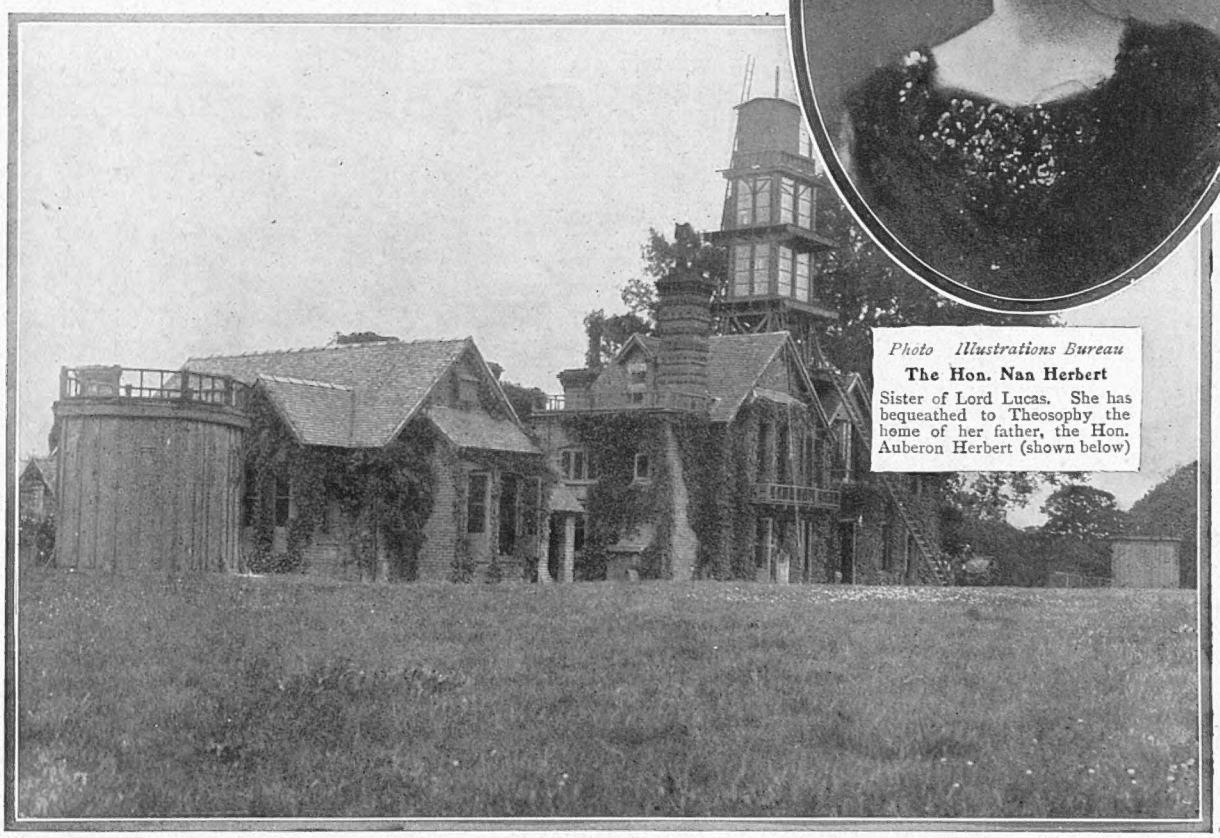


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Mecca of Theosophy (in England): The Old House, Berrywood, Ringwood, New Forest

The New Forest—most characteristically English of all our rural scenery—seems an incongruous setting for the home of so Oriental a faith as Theosophy. Yet it is at The Old House, Ringwood—the home got together in instalments by the eccentric Mr. Auberon Herbert, which evolved from a squatter's hut into the conglomerate pile above shown—that Mrs. Katharine Tingley, from California, will teach Theosophical tenets to children

Another Actress Peeress (to be)!

women would probably become decent citizens, happy wives and mothers. Through this Night Shelter, which is to be in charge of Mrs. Booth, they are, at least, to have the chance. £2,000 has been collected; £12,000 is needed. The cause is a worthy one, and in good hands.

* * *

The Plague in India

It is earnestly to be hoped that the King's letter to the Viceroy of India on the subject of the plague will, at least, tend to create in the minds of the potential sufferers some degree of confidence in our efforts for its extermination. Torn in opposite directions, the wretched natives know not which way to turn — and in the midst of their indecision and dalliance the plague descends upon them. The seclusion of women, the mud floors, the insanitary condition of houses and habits of the people, the very prevalent dislike to the taking of life—even of vermin life — the general uncleanness, all these have to be fought and overcome, step by step, inch by inch, by the plague-officers, whose heroism, if not so much vaunted, is hardly less conspicuous than that shown by others on the battlefield. Since the plague first appeared in 1896, it has been responsible for no fewer than five and a half million deaths. Popular superstition, encouraged by the sedition-mongers, avers that the British, by poisoning the wells, cause the plague, yet research has proved conclusively, even to the native, that transmission beyond all doubt takes place by rat-fleas, and that the destruction of the rat is the only way of stamping out the scourge. Cleanliness alone can do this. Plenty of soap and water and a little kerosene, and the plague is no more! It will be interesting to watch how the experiment of exporting cats to the scene of the plague (illustrated on page 430) will succeed.

Photo *Knight*

Captain the Hon. John Yarde-Buller

Whose marriage to Miss Denise Orme, of Daly's Theatre, has now been announced. He is the son and heir of Lord Churston, and holds a commission in the Scots Guards

* * *

Four Engagements

Four interesting engagements are announced. They come from the four corners of the globe: Europe, Asia, Africa, America. That of Viscount Errington, of the Diplomatic Service, to Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of the Earl of Minto, is a sequel to the London season, for which Lady Minto brought her daughter over. It is a union of two families with records prominent in the government of the Empire. Lady Ruby's father has been Governor-General of Canada, and is now Viceroy of India, where the pretty and *petite* Lady Ruby is much liked and admired. Lord Errington is the son and heir of the Earl of Cromer.

A Ducal Engagement

Another engagement is that of the Duke of Roxburghe's youngest sister, Lady Evelyn Innes Ker, to Major Collins, of the Scots Greys. Major Collins, who is on the shady side of forty, is a very rich man, though his wealth, inherited from an uncle, has only lately come to him. He owns a lovely place at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. It is noteworthy that all the sisters of the Duke of Roxburghe, himself an Army man and the brother of two military men, should have married soldiers. The eldest is Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, whose husband was killed in the South African War; the second is Lady Victoria Villiers, wife of Major Villiers, of the Blues; and the third, the late Lady Isabel Wilson, was the wife of Captain Guy Wilson, son of Lord Nunburnholme.

* * *

From South Africa and America

From South Africa, very quietly and quite overshadowed by the brilliance of the Cullinan diamond, comes the news of the engagement of Miss Helen Botha, daughter of the Premier, to Mr. Ian Hofmeyer de Waal, a member of the English Bar practising in South Africa, and the holder of an old Cape Dutch name. From America, with much more *éclat*, came the announcement of the engagement of Miss van Alen, a grand-daughter of the fabulously wealthy Mr. William Astor, to M. Doeme, of Paris, the recently divorced husband of Mme. Nordica, though, at the time of writing, I hear that family obstacles in the way of the match are not unlikely to prove its undoing.

* * *

Another Stage Peeress

It was time the Peerage added yet another to its distinguished list of actress-peeresses. It is at least six months since it did so, and one had almost feared the fashion had died an untimely death, especially since the engagements of several quite well-born girls *not* in the Profession have been announced. However, there was, fortunately, no cause for alarm. Captain Yarde-Buller has set the ball gaily rolling again. His marriage to Miss Smithers (Denise Orme, of Daly's Theatre and the variety stage) took place, it appears, four months ago, though it is only just given out to a breathlessly expectant public, having been solemnised in the usual "romantic" way in the usual registry office in the usual deep secrecy. Captain Buller is the eldest son and heir of Lord Churston. He holds a commission in the Scots Guards, "smelt powder" in the Boer War, and was A.D.C. to Lord Curzon in India. The family estate of some 11,000 acres is at Brixham, South Devon.

Engagements in Four Continents

Photo *Barnett*

Europe: Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker (of London)

Engaged to Major W. F. Collins, Royal Scots Greys. She is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Asia: Lady Ruby Elliot (of Simla)

Second daughter of Earl and Countess of Minto, engaged to Lord Cromer's second son, Viscount Errington

Photo Langfier, 22a Old Bond St.

Africa: Miss Botha (of Pretoria)

A new picture of General Botha's daughter, who is engaged to Mr. Hendrick de Waal, a barrister of the Middle Temple practising in South Africa

Photo *Dupont*

America: Miss May van Alen (of New York)

Engaged to M. Doeme, of Paris, the recently divorced husband of Mme. Nordica. Miss van Alen is related to the Astors

Three Men of the Hour

Photo *Haines*

The Hon. Walter Guinness

Conservative Candidate for Bury St. Edmunds. He is the youngest son of Lord Iveagh

A Wealthy Conservative

The Hon. Walter Guinness is certainly a "happy choice" as the Conservative Candidate for Bury St. Edmunds. He is the youngest son of Lord Iveagh, and a son-in-law of the Earl of Buchan. He was defeated for North-West Suffolk in the last General Election, an occasion memorable in the district, for, as a species of "sugar to the bird," Lord Iveagh, it will be remembered, went so far as to concede to his son's would-be constituents—the labourers on the Guinness estates — permission to keep chickens. The gracious act, sad to relate, went unrewarded. As a solatium, however, he was elected as a Municipal Reformer in the interests of North Paddington at the recent L.C.C. elections, and was also nominated Vice-Chairman of the Housing Committee.

* * *

A Derby Winner (?)—

It is extraordinary with what unanimity the richest, the prettiest, and the cleverest Americans settle on England rather than on their native soil as a place in which to lead the life desirable. Everything, of course, as every American partaking of English hospitality will tell you, is better done in America. The men are nicer, the women prettier, the horses fleeter. But still they come, and one wonders, under the circumstances, why. As duchesses, as magnates, as philanthropists, as sportsmen. Of this last variety we already have Mr. Richard Croker, "Boss" of Tammany and winner of the Derby. There is now another—Mr. J. W. Gates, steel magnate, millionaire, and race-course plunger. He announces his intention of leasing a large country house in England, purchasing a number of English racehorses, if possible, establishing training headquarters at Newmarket, and, anyway, winning the Derby. As a free-born American, Mr. Gates is naturally envious of the private liberty enjoyed by Englishmen. Here he hopes to bet a million whenever he feels like it. Over in the blessed Land of

From stereograph copyright, Underwood and Underwood

Mr. John W. Gates

The American millionaire and steel magnate who has announced his intention of racing on a large scale in this country

Liberty, race-club stewards and their kind have to feel like it too. Otherwise there is trouble. Mr. Gates departs in no particular from the now generally accepted type of American millionaire. He was born on a small farm, became salesman and storekeeper, and apparently reached that tide which, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," when he introduced barbed wire on to a certain estate. He is now director of, and identified with, some of the biggest railway and steel concerns in America.

* * *

—And a Journalist

The Press, it seems, has its uses. It makes war. It makes peace. It informs us just how "Lady G.'s girl" wore her hair at her dance, and what Nephew William said to Uncle Edward when they met at Wilhelmshöhe. It is at once the slave and the master-spirit of the age. Without it nine-tenths of us would be deprived of our chiefest daily joy — the breakfast-table perusal of our neighbours' and our neighbours' wives' doings. Without it, to take the most recent instance of its uses, we should have never really realised the wonders and the dangers and the excitements of the Borghese Pekin to Paris motor journey. Signor Luigi Barzini, whose portrait we publish, and who, as special correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, accompanied the Prince throughout the entire journey, had already won his journalistic laurels. He is only thirty-five, but has twice seen active war service. He was in China during the whole of the Boxer outbreak, and he acted as war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese campaign, on which he wrote a book which has been acclaimed as of particular value. He recorded the proceedings of the Algeciras Conference, wrote a book on Morocco, and published some fine articles in the *Corriere della Sera* describing in detail the conditions of Italian emigration in South America.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Company*

Signor Luigi Barzini

The brilliant Italian journalist who, for the *Daily Telegraph*, accompanied Prince Borghese throughout the Pekin-Paris motor race. He is thirty-five, and has twice seen active war service as special correspondent

Die Schöne Herzogin

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS BECOMES THE DUCHESS THEREOF

Photo *Lafayette*

The new Duchess of Pless, whose husband has just succeeded to the title owing to the death of his father, was formerly Miss Cornwallis West, sister of the Duchess of Westminster and sister-in-law of Lady Randolph Churchill. She is a noted Society woman in three countries—England, America, and Germany—in which latter country is situated Fürstenstein, the ancestral home of the Pless family. The Duchess is an enthusiastic sportswoman, well known alike as a lover of horses and yachts

Pussies in the Field of Pathology

The Servian Crown Prince

The young Crown Prince of Servia seems to have been enjoying himself in London, and stories of brutal barbarities at his hands have not, so far, been very numerous. On the contrary, he seems to have been behaving himself in quite a European fashion. Should there be any other "motive" for his visit than the need that he should receive entertainment and instruction, doubtless it is to demonstrate to all the world that the relations between Servia and Great Britain are once again friendly. Perhaps it is as well so. Horror at the regicides' conduct has had four years to spend itself, and British interests, which have to be protected in Servia, no matter by whom governed, are now in the admirably competent hands of Mr. Beethom Whitehead and his clever wife.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

To Fight the Plague in India: The twelve cats which are being despatched by the Salvation Army

Since Dick Whittington's cat left these shores to make his master's fortune, twelve pussies have not been sent on a stranger mission than those which have just been despatched to the Salvation Army Colony at Muktipa, India. It has been proved that the plague is spread to a large extent by rat-fleas, and it is contended that as the rats are exterminated so will this cause of contagion die out. During the voyage, the cats are living in luxurious style, each in its separate cage, while their diet includes such delicacies as sardines, mutton, rice, and condensed milk!

* * *

The British Legation in Belgrade

When the British Minister first set foot in Servia, after the three years' rupture of diplomatic relations, people held their breaths and waited. It was feared that he would disappear if there were any undue noise in the streets; and once, when he was missed for a whole day, consternation reigned until the evening journals announced that he had merely gone across the Sava to purchase a team of Hungarian horses! The gloom of tragedy still hung over Belgrade, and in some vague way it was expected that even if England's representative could not restore to life the murdered victims, he could at least arouse the nation to confidence in a better future. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead had settled down before it was realised that they had really arrived. With the expedition learned in the frequent flittings occasioned by her husband's abnormally rapid career, Mrs. Whitehead superintended the installation of her new home in the roomiest house of Belgrade, while Mr. Whitehead took orientations, deep and swift, in another more complicated direction. Their first reception was thronged with the representatives of every political party and with every social, literary, and scientific notability in Belgrade. The Thursday afternoons thus inaugurated have continued the favourite rendezvous of diplomats and Serbs alike. The hospitality of the British Legation has never relaxed, even when, during the busy time of the negotiations for the new Anglo-Servian commercial treaty, the strain of it fell almost wholly on Mrs. Whitehead's shoulders.

* * *

"Unprecedented Hospitality"

When it was represented to Mr. Whitehead that his entertaining was unprecedented in Belgrade, he replied resignedly: "We are a systematic family, and live according to fixed rules. For example, in whatever part of the earth we find ourselves, we always give a dinner-party on Tuesdays. 'Twill have to go on, I'm afraid."

At the Parting of the Ways!

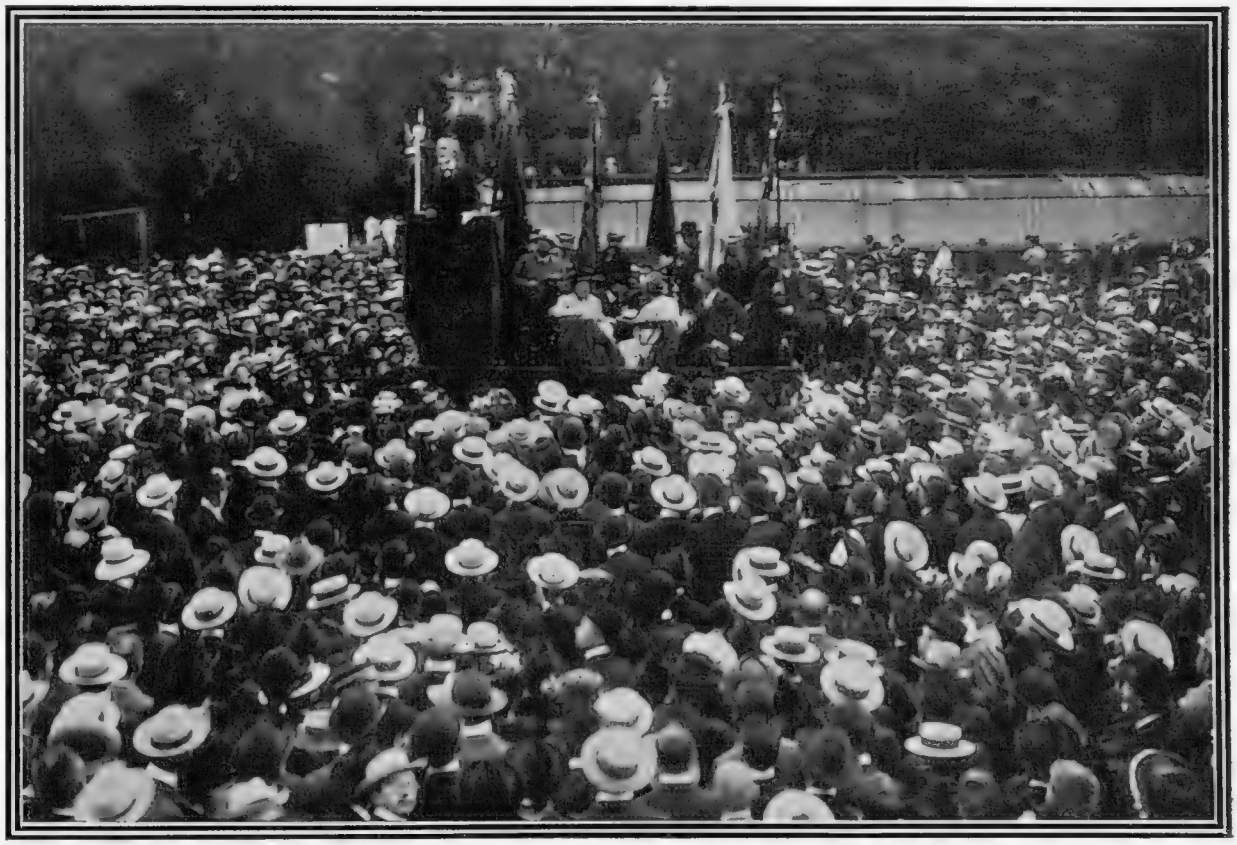
THE GREAT SPLIT BETWEEN SOCIALISTS IN STÜTTGART

M. Jaurés, the great French Socialist (on the right)

On his way to the meeting where occurred the remarkable scene between Herr Bebel and M. Hervé

The Fair Exponent of Socialism

Frl. Rosa Luxemburg addressing a meeting



Photos] **Herr Bebel addressing a Mass Meeting at Stüttgart** *[Topical Agency*

An historic rift in the Socialist lute was recorded at the International Congress at Stüttgart. M. Hervé, the celebrated French anti-Militarist, declared, in an impassioned speech, that "it was the duty of soldiers to desert, and even revolt, in time of war." Equally impassioned, Herr Bebel declared against this thesis—on the ground that anti-Militarism was itself a cause of war. The Congress revealed another "rift"—between the English Socialists, viz., Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Quelch—on the question of the rights of mere "Labour" men to be represented at the Congresses without open avowal of Socialist views

Britain's Envoy at Belgrade

Mr. and Mrs. Beethom Whitehead and their family

The advent of the Whiteheads has done much both to improve British relations with Servia and to brighten the social life of Belgrade. The Minister entertains liberally, and his wife—the sister of Viscount Midleton (late Mr. St. John Brodrick)—is a woman of much distinction and charm

His imperturbability is rather disconcerting to Serbs. Those who see him on horseback in the early morning taking the fences on either side of the Kragyevats road with an apparent disregard for the neck of his Britannic Majesty's representative in the troubled dominion of King Peter, are equally puzzled at the modest and retiring demeanour of the urbane gentleman who asks for a cup of tea in his own or a colleague's drawing-room eight hours later. For it is in the open air that he lets off any extra verve he may possess, and though he can chat for an hour together, when forced to it, it is hopeless to seek the drift of his opinion on any current political topic. He shows, however, great deference for the views of his interlocutor, and a flattering desire for instruction, which makes the colloquy end satisfactorily to both, although nothing has transpired as to the mind of official England.

* * *

A Sporting Diplomat

During the siege of Pekin, the Whitehead family resided in the hills, and Mr. Whitehead then rose at 3 a.m. to hurry down in a jinricksha so as to secure the first conference with the Prime Minister. Only a moderate sportsman—he is fond of the oars and the saddle—the foundation of the Berlin Golf Club was altruistic on the part of Mr. Whitehead, who is more devoted to tennis. He is a diligent collector of curios, and has some priceless art treasures from Japan, notably some very handsome draperies. His literary tastes have resulted in the accumulation of a huge library, but the exigencies of a nomadic life restrict him to the fifteen hundred volumes, which travel with him everywhere. It has not escaped attention in Servia that the new British Minister has his peculiarities. Although not exceptionally tall, he has a knack of looking over the heads of the tallest regicides who may cross his path in the streets or in a public assembly. He is the sort of man whose invariable success in all the missions he has been charged with is attributed by outsiders to "luck" rather than to startling capabilities; and he will himself be quite content to let this opinion stand. Indeed, he will abet it, without a twinkle!

* * *

Mrs. Whitehead's Varied Career

Mrs. Whitehead is the daughter of the late Viscount Midleton, and is, therefore, a sister of the present peer, the Mr. St. John Brodrick of political fame. She has seen many Courts and many lands since her marriage. Her quietest time, she maintains, was passed in happy Japan; and her most turbulent experiences were found in that centre of civilisation, Brussels, during the riots of 1902. Here

Mrs. B. Whitehead in the dress of a mediæval Servian Empress

Eighteen expert needlewomen were employed in the gold-thread embroidery of the train. The silver ornaments on the stole are of Nisch workmanship, as also is the tiara. The collar is studded with gems, and the veil is of hand-woven Servian silk. This dress was worn at a fancy dress ball last January

The Interior of the Legation AT BELGRADE

The Drawing-room of the British Legation at Belgrade

The one-stringed instrument on a chair to the right is the famous Servian Gusla on which the national bards accompany themselves when chanting the heroic deeds of their ancestors in the past

Mr. Whitehead's Study

As well as a keen collector of curios and art treasures, Mr. Whitehead is a man of varied literary tastes. This library, in actual use, consists of 1,500 volumes, which accompany him everywhere, but, in addition to these, he has a huge collection of valuable books

Art and the Duveen Family

she was accompanied by a guard when she ventured on a shopping expedition, and at night fell asleep in the reassuring (or disquieting?) knowledge that the house was guarded by a body of soldiers three-file deep. Of a sunny, adaptable nature, she acquiesces cheerfully in every new move occasioned by the onerous call of duty, and is ready for any sea or clime, provided only she is not separated from her babies. They travelled with her to and from Japan, and her first care, on arriving in Belgrade, was to fix up one end of a house, the rest of which was given to repairs, and summon them quickly to her side from Berlin. She teaches them the alphabet and catechism herself, and superintends every branch of their education. Mrs. Whitehead is a brilliant conversationalist, and has the rarer faculty of making people talk to each other by an adroitly inserted remark. As the Hon. Marian Brodrick she was the most accomplished debater in the "Utopian Society," founded some years ago by the daughters of England's first families for the discussion of all topics of the day. The society held its meetings every fortnight at the residences of the members in turn; and the drawing-rooms of Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller were often the scene of impassioned harangues from the rosy lips of a fervent orator. As was fitting, the daughter of Lord Peel, then Speaker in the House of Commons, was elected Speaker; and Miss Marian Brodrick, as Prime Minister, represented the Government. Before she had been three months installed in Belgrade, Mrs. Whitehead became the acknowledged leader of Society; and so thoroughly has she identified herself with the best aspirations of the people that every new departure — charitable, educational, or social—is at once submitted to her patronage.

Photo *Barnett*

Mrs. H. J. Duveen

A prominent and charming member of the great Duveen family, whose recent purchase of the Kann Collection has attracted wide attention

* * *

Bond Street Dealers—

In the famous auction-rooms of London, Paris, and Vienna, whenever anything in the least interesting in the way of a sale is in progress, there the Duveens, the Agnews, the Colnaghis, and the Wertheimers are gathered together. Fights, long and fierce, ensue—sometimes one, sometimes another, marching to victory. Of late, however, it would seem that the Duveens have seized the plums. Their acquirement (for an immense sum) of the Kann Art Collection is the biggest art deal that has ever taken place. The head of this Bond Street firm is Mr. J. J. Duveen. He was originally a blacksmith of Dutch-Jewish extraction, and he emigrated to Hull while still a youth. He now lives in a sixteenth-century *châlet* on Hampstead Heath, and his sons, of whom there are several, have taken over the active part of the business. It is to Mr. Duveen that the nation is indebted for Sargent's famous portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, now in the Tate Gallery.

—And the Limitations of Wealth

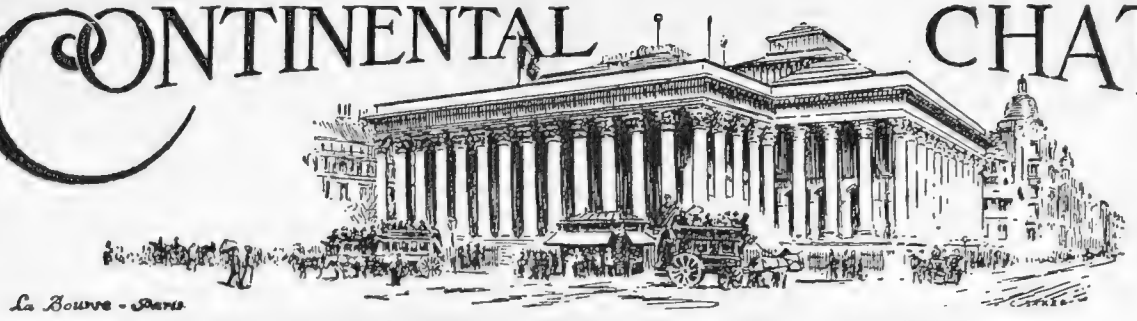
The Mrs. H. J. Duveen whose portrait we publish is an extremely pretty American, young, rich, and adaptable. Her beautiful house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, is crammed full of treasure. She has a dear little daughter, and has, this season, been chaperoning an almost equally pretty sister. For their country seat Mr. and Mrs. Duveen have Lord Lovelace's Horsley Towers, near Leatherhead, and to the Towers, with commendable adherence to the social ritual, weekly week-end pilgrimage is made. Mrs. Duveen, too, always exquisitely dressed, her small, white face and very red lips becomingly framed in an aureole of well-waved hair, can be met very often in the week with her husband dining at the Ritz, or supping at the Carlton after the play. Elsewhere in this issue we are reproducing two specimens from the Kann Collection — the Rembrandt Christ and the Ghirlandaio profile. The approximate values of the pictures have been variously stated by the Press, much, I learn, to the annoyance of Mr. Duveen—and to the artistic public, too, I imagine—for this harping on the commercial value of works of art is one of the most deplorable habits of the halfpenny Press, and one, also, which is liable to be exploited for base purposes by interested dealers, by no means to the public advantage.

* * *

A Close Time for Clubs

At this time of the year, when most of the clubs are closed for cleaning and those that remain open dispense hospitality to the clubless ones, a small scourge prevails, which taxes severely the ingenuit and perspicacity of the club porters and servants. Quite a number of men, having no club of their own, take advantage of the universal "general-post" to appropriate to their own use the clubs of others. He reads in the papers that the Reform, say, is housing the members of the Union; that the St. James's Club members are at White's; or that the Athenæum members have moved to the United Service. Seizing his chance, he walks with an air of complete unconcern into one of the unshut clubs and mutters his name, trusting to luck that no suspicions of his identity will be aroused, and that it will occur to no one to look him up in the members' book of the club to which hospitality is being given. Quite often the ruse succeeds. It is an imposture which recurs every year with unfailing regularity, and it is one which requires the utmost tact to circumvent. There is nothing which annoys an already irascible member more than to be for a second time asked his name. Therefore, one has to be pretty sure of one's man before doing so; and, even then, it's risky.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



"THE BYSTANDER" AT THE HAGUE

(*From Our Own Delegate to the Peace Conference*)

Here I am back at The Hague! This time, it seems to me, I have returned to a College of International Law. Many of the ladies who could stand it no longer have gone away, so the delegates can now work in peace for the cause of Peace. They seem at length to have mastered the elements of the subjects entrusted to them, and, like those who have learnt a little, they are awakening to the folly of their first enthusiasm. The diffidence of a little knowledge is now taking the place of the confidence of ignorance. They have gone through the preparation they should have had before they were sent here. It is curious how interesting their subjects seem to have become to them. They can talk of nothing else. Whenever you overhear a scrap of conversation it is about contraband, or floating mines, or prize courts, or something else showing that their minds are now absorbed by their work. This was not the case when I was here before. Then they did not seem to realise that they were assembled on very important business, and not merely holiday-making at the expense of their respective States.

Photo *Maull and Fox*

Sir Edward Fry

The British representative at The Hague Conference entrusted with the unenviable task of laying Britain's "wish" for disarmament before the Powers

Photo *De Louwf*

The Japanese Envoy, M. K. Isudjuki

A popular diplomat, who, unlike Sir Edward Fry, has made himself exceedingly agreeable to the Press

At the Hôtel des Indes

The English and Americans are staying at the Hôtel des Indes, but they do not keep eacn other company. The irresistible Mr. Choate is still a central figure wherever he goes. He has a cheerful word for everybody, and, even when he is ironical, there is a mirthful twinkle in his kind eyes which deadens the sting. He is one of the nice men of the Conference, and at his table at the hotel there is generally plenty of lively conversation going on. Mrs. Sperry, the friendly and amiable wife of a real sea-wolf, Admiral Sperry, is another of those who help to enliven the company at the Hôtel des Indes. The English delegates, with their characteristic English aloofness, take their meals at little tables, each family to itself. They talk at times in low tones, and never for an instant do they forget the example of propriety they are setting to the rest of the world. The Frys, sitting in a recess by themselves, are the "Darby and Joan" of another century. Silent as they are, people cannot help admiring them; the other evening they reminded me of pictures I have seen of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Sir Edward Fry, who is as bold as a lion, like all great men, is not without his little weaknesses; he has an abject terror, not only of typhoid fever, but also, and particularly of, the Press. His appearance appeals to the Dutch aristocracy: he seems to remind all the *grandes dames* of their grandfathers. Miss Fry has temporarily removed the sphere of her philanthropic work to The Hague. She is one of those characteristic Englishwomen who are never happy unless they are doing active work wherever they go for the benefit of their own sex. Lady Reay, who was the *grande dame* of the Conference while she was here, looked out of her element. One of the best-informed women in Europe, and one of the cleverest, certainly she would miss the *élite* of London wit and intellect which frequents her comfortable Mayfair home. The Japanese are the centre of attraction for everybody. They are notoriously clever, and produce the impression of knowing exactly what they want! This, I am sorry to say, is not the case with the British delegates, who are reported to have received instructions which are often conflicting and never precise. This would account for the hunted, apologetic look the chiefs have—as a delegate remarked yesterday, "They look as if they felt themselves a fraud." The British Government has inflicted upon them a most unpleasant task in sending them off with a great flourish of trumpets to be the chief clog in the work of the Conference. So they are not themselves in any way to blame.

For Poor Consumptives: The Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at Davos

Her Majesty the Queen has become the patron of a new Sanatorium for Consumptives at Davos. Designed to accommodate the poorer class of English patients, £35,000 is asked for, of which £20,000 is already subscribed

Japan's Popular Delegate

Unlike Sir Edward Fry, the Japanese Ambassador warmly welcomes members of the Press. He has used the newspaper correspondents here most successfully in endeavouring to allay the fears of the coming war, and has made himself beloved of the American people. He tells me Japan has far too many things to attend to at home to burden herself with another war; besides, she has to recoup her expenditure on the late one; and, anyhow, she has had enough of fighting for the time being, and is now bent on enjoying a long period of peace. It is pleasant to talk to a man who can give good reasons for his opinions, though I suppose that will not prevent the Americans from keeping their powder dry.

Like H. M. Stanley

M. K. Isudjuki, the Japanese delegate, is not unlike the late H. M. Stanley, and his knowledge of European things is quite remarkable. It is curious to compare his clever, capable, and watchful physiognomy with the cautious, as it were, self-defensive, look of some of the Turks and Persians. There are, however, remarkable exceptions, and it is a pleasure to talk to the popular Réchid Bey, Turkish Ambassador at Rome, who has brought up his sons to be as like Englishmen as possible, and has been very successful. They look and speak and dress like English public schoolboys, and are devoted to sport.

Delegates on the Sick List

The sick list is lengthening day by day. Mr. Barbosa, the Argentine delegate, who looks incapable of doing justice to a single banquet, sighs pitifully as he tells you of "the hard fate that has obliged him to be the victim of thirteen banquets in sixteen days." If the delegates had drunk little and eaten less they might have had the full benefit of the reposeful nature of this country. At the Hôtel des Indes, the most up-to-date establishment in Holland, the lights are out at half-past ten!

The Dandy of the Conference

The Beau Brummel of the Conference, Captain Wonlarlarsky, commonly known as "Larsky," keeps everyone in a state of pleasant expectancy by the tasteful variety of his ties and waistcoats. To watch the assortment of his clothes is most amusing, but, like many a dandy soldier, he has the reputation of being a first-class officer. Another of the well-dressed delegates is the Marquis de Soveral, but London is well acquainted with his wardrobe, so I need not go into particulars.

A witty American delegate, who was my dinner companion the other night, remarked that "the absence of scandal during this Conference was absolutely shocking, and was driving all the fair sex away." Since I was here last there has been a very great change in the social side of the Conference.

The British Peace Manifesto—"Amen"

Saturday, the 17th, was a "field day" for the Conference. The fourth plenary sitting was then held. There is only a small gallery, and there was great competition for the seats, the ladies of the Conference having first to be accommodated. It was frightfully tiresome. The Secretary read, in a monotonous voice, the reports of the Committees which had got their work ready, and then M. de Nelidoff, the President, read the resolutions, which were put to the vote one

by one, by calling over the forty-seven delegations every time. The only amusement was when very small States made long reservations, and when Montenegro, in a loud voice, declared itself against any propositions, it was really very funny, and everybody laughed. The proceedings terminated with a long written statement in French, which Sir Edward Fry read, on the question of armaments. Few in the gallery could understand him; it certainly was not lively, and at the close an "Amen" from one of the ladies of the delegation set everyone laughing. It was indeed the Amen of the cause, and the burial of the question was by no means first class. The reception afterwards was very cheerful. The "Ridderzaal," in which the plenary Conferences are held, is over three centuries old. It has a lofty wooden roof and is not badly lighted, but it was not made to serve as a debating chamber.

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For Poor Consumptives

Davos is almost a British Colony already, but to make it still more so, a sanatorium is being built for the benefit of the poorer class of English consumptives. The amount required for the purpose is £35,000, of which £20,000, I am informed, have already been subscribed. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is taking a particular interest in the institution, has accepted the position of chairman of the committee, and Queen Alexandra, after whom the sanatorium is to be called, has graciously consented to be its patron. Sir George Bonham, the British Minister at Berne, recently laid the foundation-stone.

The Congo Atrocities

CONGO REFORM ASSOCIATION,

Revelstoke, August 15, 1907.

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—May I be allowed to utter a friendly protest against the statement made in your issue of August 7 that the movement in the country against Congo misrule is subsiding?

I think the powerful debates in Parliament this month are in themselves eloquent of the contrary.

You may be interested to know that there have been thirty-seven "Towns' meetings" this year—in cities, towns, and boroughs, in which they have been held, including some of the most prominent centres in England, such as Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich, Plymouth, Stafford, Hull, etc.—and that Towns' meetings are in preparation in Birkenhead, Torquay, Portsmouth, and other places. Thousands of lesser meetings have been held this year, and are continuing, and Lord Monkswell, R. Harris, and myself, are receiving numerous requests to speak from all parts of the country. Branches of the Association have been founded this year in Bristol, Bournemouth, Devonshire, Hull, and Newport. The demand for literature is continually on the increase, and if the Press is not actively pushing the matter it is simply because the position, just at present, is one, necessarily, of *attente*, pending the production of the terms of the Annexation Bill. Meanwhile, the education of the country is being steadily pursued.

The fact of the matter is that London is to some extent unaware of the intense feeling existing in the provinces on this subject. As indication of it, I may mention, finally, that having in possible contemplation some weeks ago a demonstration on a large scale in London before the end of the year, I had occasion to approach, tentatively, the Chief Magistrates of some twenty-five cities and towns in the provinces, to be certain if, in the event of such a demonstration, they could see their way to attend, wearing their insignia of office. I promptly received fifteen positive acceptances and some half-dozen virtual ones.

I hope that, in justice to the cause we have at heart, you will be so good as to give publicity to this communication.—With thanks in anticipation, yours faithfully, E. D. MOREL.

Photo *Bain*

To Protect the Innocent: New York's Night Court

The establishment of the Night Court, which opened in New York City the night of August 1, is intended to put an end to one form of "graft," as well as to relieve the day Courts and bring speedy decisions in the case of innocent persons who might otherwise be locked up over night. The peculiar form of graft at which it is aimed is that which operates through the professional bondsman. It is an established custom for policemen to arrest street-walkers at intervals, so that they will give these bondsmen fees to keep them out of jail. It is supposed that these fees are divided with the police. It is believed that the Night Court will correct this by giving the women an immediate hearing

THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE PUFF PRELIMINARY

Official *communiqués* from the Box Office grow more and more artful. It seems impossible these days for the playgoer to take his seat on a first night without his mind being inflamed with eagerness and expectation. He makes his way to his stall so obsessed by the countless reasons which distinguish the production he is about to see from all others that he almost forgets to ask pardon for treading on the toes of the earlier arrivals. The purveyor of theatrical news in advance is never at a loss. He is confronted with the name of a play and the name of an author. Out of these slender materials he constructs a paragraph as piquant as the first instalment of a daily paper *feuilleton*. At random I take a few reasons cunningly advanced for the purpose of giving me thrills before the rise of the curtain. The author is unknown; therefore, at a time when the world is crying for new talent, he should command a hearing. He is an old hand at the game; therefore, at a time when the stage is flooded with the bald work of immature talent, he will engender ready confidence. He has made a name as a novelist; therefore audiences will flock to see living embodiments of the characters they have so long carried in their hearts. He has never written a novel; therefore he is unlikely to make the egregious errors into which all novelists fall who essay the more difficult art of play-writing.

A Lightning Impression

Sketched in a few seconds for THE BYSTANDER by M. Rudinoff, the Lightning Artist now again appearing at the Alhambra

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Miss June Van Buskirk

Who has just taken the part of Ella in *The Earl of Pawtucket* at The Playhouse, her original part when the piece was first produced in New York

A New Play and an Old Title

But the able gentleman responsible for stirring the populace to witness *The Christian* at the Lyceum Theatre has surpassed his brethren. He is confronted with this situation. Mr. Hall Caine has refurbished a play for revival at a popular playhouse, which has drawn good audiences because the managers thereof have followed the wise policy of producing good stirring plays at reasonable prices. Forthwith the gentleman responsible for launching this play upon the sea of controversy indites an artful letter to the Press calling attention to "the cleverness of the author in constructing two distinct plays with the same title!" As if Brown, whose play ran for two weeks, could not, an he were given the chance, write a dozen distinct plays and yet retain the title which he fondly hoped would first stupefy the populace, and then force them when recovered to relieve their overwrought feelings by a visit to the theatre. Mark you, I still retain that most precious attribute of the critic—an open mind. I harbour no thought which could possibly militate against my hailing Mr. Caine's new *The Christian* as the play of the century. I sincerely trust it may prove to be so. At the same time I am becoming slightly weary of the puff preliminary. I long for the day when it will no longer be necessary for the management to retain a clever gentleman for the express purpose of giving a fillip to the jaded mind of the playgoer. After a decade of playgoing I am still fresh—for plays, though stale for preliminary paragraphs. For me the play begins when the curtain is raised. I am told that "*The Christian* is much simplified as a dramatic work, being now in four acts of one scene each." But I would have learned as much by seeing the revised version. I am told further that "it includes some new characters, which, without being personal portraits, bear a certain resemblance to living types, including that of a venerable ecclesiastic who has made a deep impression these past few years by his denunciation of the sins of Society." If by this innuendo Father Vaughan is specified, I would have the writer of this paragraph enjoy the privilege, which recently was mine, of keeping pace (in the double sense) with Father Vaughan as he walked and talked from Farm Street to a meeting of street-hawkers Westminster way. The writer, after this experience, would dwell less upon Father Vaughan's venerability and more upon his progressiveness. The fact is that advertisement—very well in its way to induce the populace to a choice of commodities—is employed far too much these days in the service of the theatre. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the majority of official *communiqués* are couched in the spirit of arrant vulgarity. And in this opinion I claim not to be exceptional.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

It may truly be said of M. Rudinoff, who has just returned after a lengthy absence to the Alhambra Theatre, that if he were put to it, he could provide

SOME IMPRESSIONS AT THE POPULAR RESORT

BY NORMAN MORROW

A Savoyard Party: Mrs. D'Oyly Carte entertains the Savoy Company at Garston Park, Godstone

BACK ROW (*standing*): Messrs. Audean, Handcock, Redmond, Wilson, Mrs. Russell, Messrs. Moyle, Workman, Beckwith, James, Stanley Boulter, Wilde, Miss Morrison, Messrs. Sheffield, Burnand, and Cellier
MIDDLE ROW (*sitting*): Miss Dow, Mrs. Workman, Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, Miss René, Miss Jessie Rose, Lady Dorothy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte
FRONT ROW (*sitting*): Mr. R. Boulter, Mrs. Cyril Boulter, Miss Macleod, Miss Meredith, Mr. Lytton, Misses Frampton, Wilson, and Gray

an evening's variety entertainment off his own bat. This very versatile artist has a host of accomplishments. The main feature of his entertainment is the lightning smoke sketch. With bewildering rapidity M. Rudinoff endows his canvas with life. He does not disdain even such a humble medium as soot. He places an enamelled iron plate weighing 50 lb. over a flame, and upon the deposit of soot traces with his finger a vivid impressionistic sketch of New York from the river. As if by magic arise the statue of Liberty and the silhouettes of skyscrapers. The half-tones he obtains with a soft brush. When drawing a vessel he dabs in portholes with the tips of his fingers. His very touch is a transformation. Almost with one sweep of his hands he rubs out the tops of the buildings and transforms them into a bridge. Turning to a different medium, M. Rudinoff takes a few coloured chalks and, upon a sheet of coarse brown paper, he calls up a scene in the Latin Quarter, a study of a French girl—what you will. The old Hebrew's head, reproduced on page 438, was specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER by M. Rudinoff. It was executed in about the time it takes to read the letterpress beneath the picture. From artist M. Rudinoff turns to whistling as the birds in the forest. We shut our eyes and listen to the love-notes of the nightingale. And so this marvellous man skips lightly from one accomplishment to another. I have it on the authority of one who knows him that M. Rudinoff is just as talented off the stage as on. E. C. S.

FASHIONABLE FOLKESTONE

Folkestone has an air. It is modish. At Folkestone they tell you, "Only the best people come to Fashionable Folkestone." A stroll on the beautiful, bluff Leas will show you the "best people." Really, they are quite good, if not the best. For them the promenade and an excellent band suffice. But to the entertainments proper:

"The Gipsies and their Jester" provide a capital show in the Leas Pavilion, where they perform to a very large and very select audience. The Pavilion itself is an extremely comfortable little hall—almost luxurious. Bernardo (they all take romantic names) is the sentimental vocalist. He has a good style and a voice that goes with it. He sings songs like "The Roses Have Faded," "Oh, Love, Forget It!" and "The Past Must Absolutely be Forgotten!" These are merely suggestive of the titles. His turn is probably the most popular. The Jester is good, but might be much better. Don Carlos, the senior member of "the team," is more versatile than the others. He sings as an ordinary member in the choruses, then he appears as a conjurer, now as a ventriloquist. Miss Elsie Wood sang vivaciously, and looked as if she wanted to dance, but stage space would not permit—which was a great pity!

The Victoria Pier Pavilion is more on the lines of the orthodox music-hall. "Great London artists" appear on its programme. It is a fine large hall, with a good stage, but it has that "early 'fifties" look about it that takes away even from the best programme; and when the Sisters Lulu and Dorothy come out as marvellous exponents of the "Silver-toned Fairy Bells," or something like that, one looked round for crinolines and high silk hats with flowing whiskers underneath!

There is a very fine theatre in the Pleasure Gardens, and always a good bill. During this season of the year, musical comedy is, of course, "rampant." There are "Cosy Corner Concerts," where a great Hungarian virtuoso plays on the "fidil" nightly. The "cosy corner" idea is good, and appeals to many. N. M. M.

Scenery Across the Adriatic

Beauties of Scenery in Unexplored Europe: A Waterfall near Loja, Bosnia

Little visited by the British tourist, the eastern shores of the Adriatic offer some of the loveliest scenery in Europe. As the tourist, when in Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, is also practically in "the East," and in the midst of a population of picturesque costumes, mostly of the Moslem faith, it is surprising he does not traverse these countries in larger numbers. Fears for his safety he need not entertain, for the countries have long since been taken from the terrible Turk, and enjoy the benefits of the paternal rule of Francis Joseph II.

A Sporting Finish: The

ENGLAND'S INNINGS: FRY AND FO

After three days of suspense, the last Test Match between England and South Africa ended in a draw at the Oval last week. In the first innings, England scored 295, C. B. Fry making 129; while South Africa were all out for 178. On the last day of the match England were dismissed fo five wickets, stumps having to be drawn bef rain hampered play on the first two days

e Scene at the Last Test Match

FOSTER BATTING (FOSTER AT PLAY)

l for 138, while South Africa made 159 for before time owing to the failing light. Though ays of the match, the weather conditions in no way daunted the spectators, who flocked in their thousands to Kennington to watch the contest. The first match having ended in a draw in England's favour, and the second in a victory for the Mother Country, England has won the rubber with honour

PRICELESS MASTERPIECES IN THE KANN COLLECTION

The Christ of Rembrandt

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Duveen

Rembrandt's Christ

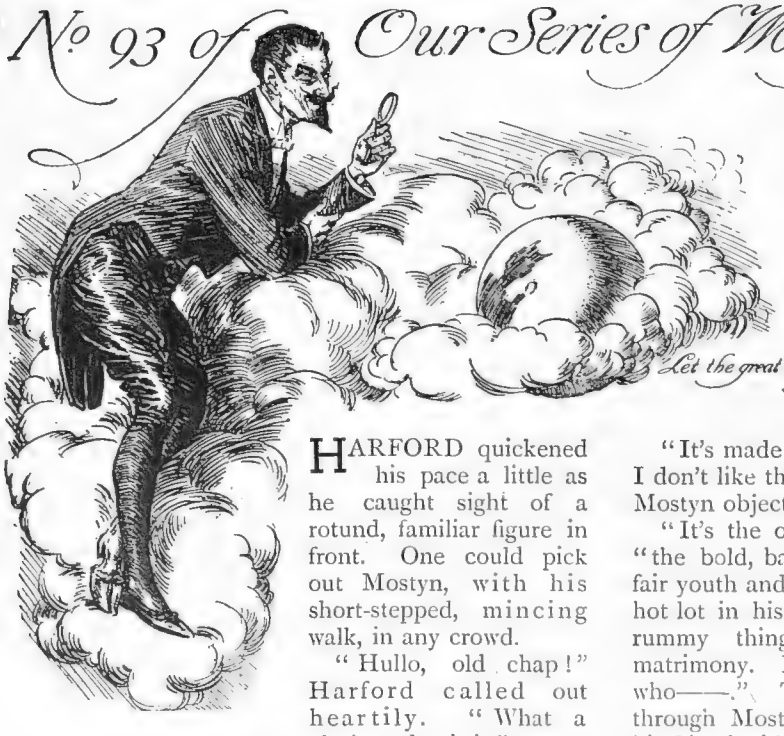
A bust of Jesus, dressed in brown garments, slightly open at the throat over a white shirt. The emaciated face is enframed in a silky black beard, and curling black hair falls on the shoulders. Painted about 1656

A Superb Portrait by Ghirlandaio

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Duveen

One of the finest profile portraits in the world is the Giovanna Tornabuoni of Ghirlandaio in the Kann Collection, recently purchased by Messrs. Duveen. The exquisite head is held upright on a slender neck of supreme elegance. The rounded chin has a delicate outward curve, the mouth is small and refined, the nose straight, the eye clear; the hair escapes from its flat *bandeau* and waves in soft tresses round the temples, but is plaited and fastened with a knot at the back of the head. The lady is dressed in a magnificent red gown

No. 93 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Marriage of Arthur Willis

By FRANK WILLIAMS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

HARFORD quickened his pace a little as he caught sight of a rotund, familiar figure in front. One could pick out Mostyn, with his short-stepped, mincing walk, in any crowd.

"Hullo, old chap!" Harford called out heartily. "What a glorious day it is."

"Yes," said the other, "the Spring is doing itself—and us—rather well. You're looking pretty fit."

"I feel it. By the way, I've just left Willis, and he tells me he's going to be married shortly—to some Miss Orton."

"So I heard the other day," returned Mostyn—he was a small, neat, fresh-looking man, in striking contrast to the tall, burnt Harford. According to the novelists, Mostyn should have been the little gossipy chatterer and idler, and Harford, with his thin figure and lean, hard face, the "strong, silent man." In reality it was the latter who gossiped and idled, while the little man held his tongue and worked. Harford was just back, with a most attractively burnt face, from a three months' trip to Egypt, which explains why he had not heard of Willis's engagement earlier.

"Fancy Willis," he said; "he never struck me as being a marrying man. I suppose he thinks, as he must be thirty-five, he ought to be settling down though. But what's the girl like?"

"Oh, she's rather nice; fair, and fluffy, and all that, you know," Mostyn explained.

"H'm, shouldn't imagine fair and fluffy would be Willis's style. Orton, Orton, I can't fix her at all; who are they?"

"I don't think you know them. They've not been home long. The father is a mild old Colonel recently retired, the mother is large and placid, and the girl, who completes the family, is a kitten. The Cape was their last station, I believe—and that's all I know about them."

"By jove, though," exclaimed Harford suddenly, "now I come to think of it, I do know the people! They were at the Torrens's one day just before I went away. I remember the daughter—small and fair, and awfully pretty. But how the deuce did she and Willis come to hit it off?"

"That's just what's mystifying everybody," said Mostyn.

"Willis seems fairly gone on her, though. Why the fellow looked ten years younger this morning—he has dropped that lazy, cynical manner, he's all smiles, and sort of exudes the milk of human kindness from every pore."

"It's made him a trifle more genial certainly, but I don't like the man. He's a bit too brilliant for me," Mostyn objected.

"It's the old story, I suppose," laughed Harford: "the bold, bad man reformed and made better by fair youth and fluffy innocence. Willis was a pretty hot lot in his time, as I daresay you know. It's a rummy thing what ill-assorted folk drift into matrimony. It reminds me of a couple in Cairo, who——." The genial Harford linked his arm through Mostyn's, and, as they walked, entertained his friend with tales of Egyptian experiences.

In truth, it was a matter for curious comment, this Willis-Orton engagement. Mabel Orton was (as Mostyn described her) fair, fluffy, and kittenish. She was also, to put it bluntly, silly and affected, while her people were stolid, very respectable, and quite undistinguished military folk. Of course, they were churchgoers. Willis, on the other hand, was brilliant, unscrupulous, of obscure antecedents, and an Agnostic. His meteoric career had begun with two or three undeniably clever but hotly debated "problem" plays, and ever since he had published, at regular intervals, brilliantly witty but rather daring novels. However, he was rich, successful, and therefore fashionable, and could, moreover, be very charming when he pleased, so that it was not altogether to be wondered at that Mabel should have fallen a victim. What, however, no one could understand was how the experienced, cynical Willis came to fall in love with her.

. . . . . .

Dinner was just over. The fine silver and delicate glass, the snowy linen, the heaped-up rose-bowl, the red-and-white colour-scheme—everything in the room was dainty and charming, and daintiest of all the fair, white-gowned mistress of the household. Her frail, elfish beauty perfected a charming picture, and yet all through the meal Willis had found the strain of speaking politely to his wife and appearing interested in her conversation almost intolerable. There was nothing altogether new in this, however, for his marriage had been a failure: before three months had passed, he knew that he had made the mistake of his life in marrying Mabel Orton, and now, after a year of it, he was beginning to find married life insupportable. Not that he ever quarrelled with her (the bare idea of domestic bickering was a vulgar abhorrence to him), and she cared for him as much as ever, but her power to please him was gone; she bored him unutterably. Her silly affectations and vapid talk annoyed and irritated him, and it was necessary for him to keep a constant guard on his lips lest his bitter tongue should rasp out at her, for it seemed best to him to keep up the pretence of loving his wife. After all, it

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Councillor and Mrs. Alexander at Home

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander and their favourite collie, "Pan," at Chorley Wood

Mr. George Alexander is commencing a six weeks' tour at Blackburn on September 6. He intends opening his winter season at the St. James's Theatre in November with *The Thief*, an adaptation of the famous Parisian success, *Le Voleur*

was not her fault, but her misfortune, that she was such an idiot. It would not do the smallest bit of good to make her miserable, so he decided to go on pretending. He was man enough to admit that the fault, if fault there were, lay with him, but he was inclined to deny that there was any fault at all; the whole affair seemed to him a bad mistake. But his high resolves to keep up the farce often came dangerously near breaking down.

To-night, during dinner, Mabel had particularly irritated him. She had a trick of resting her arms on the table (fully conscious of their round and dainty whiteness), and then, with her chin on her joined hands, looking up at her husband from under long eyelashes with a babyish, affectedly innocent smile. This manœuvre always reminded Willis of the lady in a music-hall jingle he had once heard, who made "goo-goo eyes." It always annoyed him, but to-night the silly coquetry maddened him. She sat there "making eyes" at him and uttering the most idiotic banalities, which she interlarded with innumerable "dearests" and "Arthur dears."

"Arthur dear" could cheerfully have choked her.

"I think, Mabel, if you don't mind, I'll stay at home to-night," he said, in a quiet voice that gave no hint of the commotion in his mind. "You can explain to Mrs. Torrens that I am unwell; I really do not feel equal to going there to-night."

Mabel began to execute the movement known as "pouting charmingly." In reality she looked like a sulky baby, and the *moue* certainly did not improve her mouth.

"I don't want to go alone, Arthur; I want *oo* to come with me," she said in an unnecessarily beseeching tone.

"I should be very poor company this evening, dear; I've been worrying about the new book all the afternoon, and I've a bit of a headache." Arthur lied hopefully. And his hopes were fulfilled. Mabel rose and kissed him gently on the forehead with the air of a woman who thoroughly understands her husband's moods, and the whims of his delicate mental equipment; then, solemnly and with extravagant quietness, she withdrew. It was all done with so much gravity, and such a tactless display of tact, that Willis could not help laughing as the door closed. After a while he heard the motor-brougham start off for Mrs. Torrens's reception, and, with a sigh of relief that his wife was gone, he sank into an armchair near the fire.

As he pondered on the state of affairs, his mind alternated between the savage and the philosophic. Once he burst into a sardonic laugh as the irony of the thing struck him. His wife was the very type of woman that he was never tired of sneering at and ridiculing in his books. The silly, affected doll always got a severe handling in his novels, and yet he had made a woman of this type his wife.

He extracted an odd ironical humour from the thought. Then he began to wonder why she should be such a fool. He did not object to affectation in the abstract, knowing well that there are very few who do not pose, more or less consciously; but what annoyed him was that Mabel should do it so badly. By no stretch of the imagination could one set her manner down as natural—it would not deceive a half-wit. Why could she not affect to be unaffected, which he regarded as the only sensible form of the art?

With a smile, he pictured her at the Torrens's. She had gone out full of concern for his headache, but he knew well that his supposed indisposition would not occupy her long. She had a tremendous vanity and greed for admiration, and, truth to tell, she got her share of that nebulous commodity, particularly from the younger men, and when her vanity was being flattered his headache would soon be forgotten. He could see her flirting ever so lightly and daintily (indeed, "flirt" is much too strong a word) with some youth ready to bow down and worship at the shrine of vanity. All this only amused him, however; it was when she was with him that he grew irritated.

After half an hour's bitter and unprofitable gloom before the fire, Willis got up with a muttered expletive. Then he pulled on an overcoat and went out to a quiet club of which he was a member, and spent the evening there.

He got back home shortly after twelve, and, just as he had finished an excellent supper, Mabel came in, full of gushing sympathy for his headache. Immediately his ill-humour returned; every word she uttered, every little movement she gave, got on his nerves. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Willis was not gifted with a very keen perception; it never occurred to her that her husband wanted to be left alone. For nearly half an hour she babbled on about Mrs. Torrens's function: who was there, what they wore, and how they looked, and such-like details, to all of which her lord, from his armchair at the fire, replied only with grunts.

At last he got rid of her. He asked her to take some supper before going to bed, to which she replied that she was not at all hungry, explaining that Dick Holland had taken her into supper—and, of course, that meant a huge meal, as Dick was such a hungry mortal—and was there ever such a good-humoured, cheerful boy as Dick?

The mention of Dick Holland seemed materially to increase Arthur's annoyance; not that he was jealous—of course, that was impossible, seeing that he had no small spark of affection for Mabel—but he loathed the sight, or even the very mention, of Dick Holland. This was partly, perhaps, for the characteristic Willis reason that Dick was such an eminently likeable and popular fellow, but more particularly because he was the son of James Holland. In the early days of Willis's career, James Holland had been the bitterest of his critics. Practically all the objections to his plays had been on moral grounds, and, somehow, critics who attack a play as offending against morality seem always to fear the accusation of narrow-mindedness. Their attacks are, in consequence, feeble and spiritless. Not so James Holland—he poured out articles of denunciation in the weekly which he at that time edited and in part owned. In scathing language he denounced the plays as "vulgar immoralities" and "squalid indecencies"; but though these articles irritated Willis, their effect was slight compared with that of Holland's later articles on the artistic merits of his dramas. In these the critic allowed, for argument's sake, "the horrible doctrine of the subordination of morality to art," and then proceeded to tear the plays to tatters. These later attacks the dramatist never forgave the critic. The old man was dead now, but the hatred he had incurred was passed on to his son.

Arthur was fully aware of the fact that Dick Holland loved Mabel—so was she for that matter. Of the three only Dick fancied his love a secret—and Mabel liked the young fellow very well. Indeed, she had been very near marrying him, only he hesitated too long, and then Willis appeared on the scene and married her off before Dick quite realised what was happening.

As the embittered man sat staring at the glowing coals there came into his mind a diabolical idea, at first vague and indefinite, and then quite suddenly

On the Banks of the Thames

Photo *Callcott*

Iffley Mill, near Oxford

Of the many lovely spots to be found along the banks of "Father Thames," none is more picturesque than Iffley Mill, near Iffley Lock, just below Oxford, though its beauty has been somewhat lessened recently by the removal of many of the old trees which used to surround it. At Iffley Lock ends the shorter course for rowing practice at Oxford

it was complete, a hideous brutal plan—nothing less than to force his wife on Holland. It is possible that had the proposed victim been any other than the man it was, Arthur would have immediately dismissed the horrible scheme from his mind; but the fact that Mabel's lover was also the man he loathed most in all the world was an additional incitement to him. And he saw no reason why his fiendish plan should not succeed. If he treated Mabel with indifference and contempt (the worst form of cruelty to such a wife), she would inevitably turn elsewhere for sympathy, that is to say to Dick, and he would not be strong enough to resist long—at least, so Willis believed. Arthur Willis was a man absolutely without conscience; he had little or no belief in a God or a future state; his present life was intolerable; and his wife a worthless fool. Why then, he asked himself, since the means of deliverance were at hand, not end it all?

An hour later, when he went up to bed, his mind was made up. He was determined that, so far as it lay within his very considerable intriguing power, he would struggle to be rid of his intolerable wife. In ten minutes he was sleeping the deep, quiet, animal sleep of the conscienceless.

. . . . .

Willis at once began to treat his wife with a systematic indifference and a certain studied, sarcastic contempt, so that the poor thing was glad to escape as much as possible from a home no longer happy and go a good deal into Society. It was not at all difficult for her husband to manage, without any appearance of so doing, that she should be constantly meeting Dick, seeing that they moved in much the same set, and it must be admitted that Dick made no attempt to avoid her. He had plenty of money, left him by his clever old father, and very little to do. He called himself a painter, but, though he produced pretty, insipid little pictures at more or less regular intervals, Art did not occupy much of his time. So that he was in a bad way for a young man—rich, with much time on his hands, and in love with his neighbour's wife. Being an honest sort of fellow—he fully admitted to himself that he loved Mabel Willis, but he never guessed for a moment that she knew anything of this. In his bluff way, he argued it out with himself. "I enjoy Mabel's society immensely, and I'm miserable when I don't see her; she likes me, too, but she doesn't know I love her, and I'm not such a cad as to tell her, so where's the harm in meeting her as often as I can?"—a sophistry with which men have been deceiving themselves in similar cases ever since the world was young. So Dick continued to indulge in the fascinating amusement of playing with fire, and Mabel began to depend more and more on him for the admiration and sympathy denied her at home. And all the while Arthur watched them, laughing devilishly as his horrible scheme prospered—an honest enough, rather dull man and a vain, silly woman dancing swiftly to destruction, like puppets, at the wish of the fiendish wire-puller in the background! The situation struck him as grimly laughable. Never had he enjoyed one of his own plays so much as this life drama, and this version of Faust which he himself had prepared, and in which he was playing Mephistopheles to the Faust and Marguerite of the other two.

Mabel Willis was one of those women who think it rather "smart" to have a former flame constantly fluttering round her. She did not mind people noticing her friendship with Dick; she was even foolish enough to like such talk. So long as the world talked of her in what is vaguely termed the "right way," she was, on the whole, well pleased at the mild gossip she and Dick occasioned, but she had not the smallest notion of ever letting things become serious.

However, as time went on she gradually became, in proportion as her estrangement with Arthur grew, more intimate with Dick, and — well, the saying that love begets love is certainly true of weaker natures. In a wonderfully short time she was amazed and a little terrified to find she cared so much for Dick. In her own shallow way, but with all that was in her, she came to love him—just as Arthur had hoped, and arranged. Her nervous anxiety was observed by the ever-watchful Arthur, and, after his odd fashion, he enjoyed it hugely. It amused him to see Mabel avoid Dick for days, fearful of the fascinating danger of his society, and then in weak surrender of her resolves, rush, positively rush, after the man.

"Hope she won't make herself too cheap and spoil it," Arthur muttered to himself.

But gradually her terrors wore off, and then she could not rest (as one might expect of such a woman) till Dick would tell her—only once, and then she would have done with this madness—of his love. She knew it was wrong, but her present state was unbearable: she tortured herself with pictures of how he would tell her and where; sometimes she would throw discretion to the winds and do all she could to lead him on; then she would grow afraid and speak coldly to him and snub him. Gradually her resistance was worn through; she forgot all her fears, only that he should speak just once—that was all that mattered. And Dick endured tortures; it had been hard enough before to talk only of light things or friendly things, but now, when she too cared (he could easily see that), and chances to speak seemed always occurring, it was bitterly, unbearably hard to keep silent.

He knew the risk he ran; he was not a bad man, but he lacked the strength to go away and stay away. And at last the inevitable crash came. It was at a dance, and they had danced together a good deal during the evening. At supper Mabel had talked even more than usual and much more loudly. She had taken far more champagne than she was accustomed to. As they sat together in a dim-lit corner afterwards, a strange recklessness danced in her eyes—a recklessness born of the exhilarating wine. Dick was nervous, unsteady, and fighting desperately with himself.

Mabel was looking marvellously pretty in pale blue, with pearls at her throat, but so frail and girlish that Dick swore under his breath that he would never, never say a dishonourable word to her. But he called on God to witness how desperately hard it was not to take her in his arms and tell her how he cared. Suddenly a feeling of inevitableness came over him; he struggled on feebly, but his heart was not in the fight; it seemed to him quite useless.

Each had been avoiding the other's eyes ever since they had been sitting there, and then suddenly (and, it must be admitted, quite by accident) they were looking at each other.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, her eyes tear-wet, "I'm so miserable." And he gave in. With a sobbing cry he took her in his arms and soothed her. He kissed her first very gently and wonderingly on the forehead, and afterwards, with rough crushing passion, on the lips.

. . . . .

For five minutes of deep passionate joy, the deepest either of them had ever known, they sat

A Newcomer at Daly's

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Irene Desmond

Now playing the part of Olga in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's. Her last appearance was as the Countess of Mount Highgate in the *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville

there, utterly forgetful of the world, of Arthur, of right and wrong; then conscience awoke, bringing painful horror. Mabel tore herself out of his arms, and he stood flushing and ashamed, but half defiant; then suddenly she fled from him, while he called hoarsely after her, "Mabel, Mabel."

Arthur, for a wonder, was with his wife at this dance, and his keen, almost uncanny, perception told him that the curtain had rung down on the first act of his domestic drama. He hummed little snatches of song in vast satisfaction as they drove home.

For two days Dick slunk about half crazed with the worry of the thing; he ate little, and tramped many miles thinking feverishly. The nights passed in dream-broken mockeries of sleep, and never for an hour could he forget the clinging touch of Mabel's arms about his neck, the soft temptation of her lips, the subtle perfume that pervaded her. After two days he called, but Mabel was "not at home." She had seen him coming up the steps, and in fear and haste gave directions that she would see no one.

Two days more he spent in a veritable hell of torment, and then a letter came from Mabel: "Come and see me to-morrow at four. I must talk to you about things. I will not keep you long, and it will be for the last time. Do not disappoint me.—M."

It was only after an intense struggle with herself that Mabel wrote this note. She was utterly exhausted, not knowing what to expect or fear or think. She must settle things finally with Dick, and it would be "for the last time"; but, fearful that he might not come, she could not resist the ambiguous "Do not disappoint me" at the end of it.

She awaited him next day, determined to show no sign of weakness. She would tell Dick coolly and reasonably, but still in a friendly fashion, that he must not see her any more, and yet she was a little nervous and anxious for the ordeal to be over. He came full of high resolves to behave respectfully and honourably, to apologise and then go away and not worry her again (that was how he put it). In five minutes, they were in each other's arms: resolves, honour, everything forgotten. Love is a masterful tyrant over weaklings; if he is not protected in the steel armour of Religion, conventional notions of Honour will not avail the weakling when Love attacks in some unlawful guise.

For a month there were well-sounding renunciations, followed by weak dalliance with the known danger and then weak falls. Dick persuaded himself, after a while, that he was doing a high and noble thing in standing by this poor crushed wife, this woman he loved, and saving her from her monstrous husband, and in the end, of course, as was inevitable, came the great fall. Arthur triumphed.

Coming into his study one evening, he found a note; he recognised Mabel's writing and tore open the envelope with a slight quickening of the pulse, a slight compression of the lips.

"I am going away with Dick (the note ran). I won't pretend to be sorry for you, as I know you don't care. Good-bye!—M."

"The silly fools," he said, with a slow smile, as he folded up the note; then quite calmly he thought over what he would say to his solicitors about divorce proceedings. There was not the faintest trace of remorse or unsteadiness about the man. He had wanted this thing to happen, he had planned it, and it had happened. Therefore he was glad, that was all; and he meditated quite calmly and with a certain malicious joy on the time—which he believed would certainly and naturally come—when they would tire of each other.

FRANK WILLIAMS.

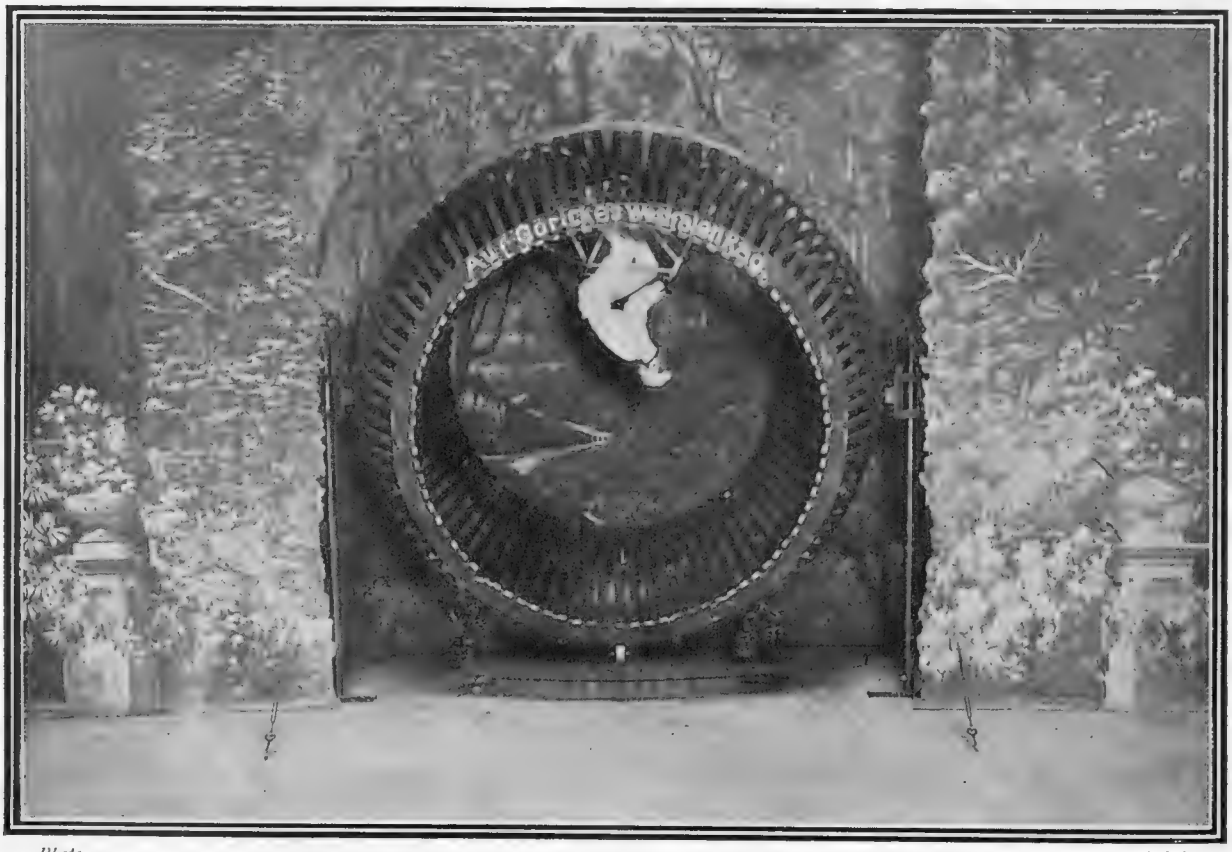


Photo *Bolak*

The Latest Sensation of the Halls: The Deathring

One of the most daring feats with a cycle is to be seen at the London Pavilion. The cyclist enters a circular track, which, on being lifted up in the air, rotates while the cyclist is still racing round, practically defying the laws of gravity. The feat is a most difficult one, and is followed by the audience with breathless silence

"The Bystander" in India

Meeting the European Mail in a Bombay "Dug-Out"

The sender, MR. EDGAR FAULKNER, The Anchorage, Bombay, writes: "I send you a photograph of my native butler reading THE BYSTANDER in a Tong, or Bombay native 'dug-out,' on his way to meet the European mail boat"

As an Aid to Convalescence

This copy was first read in England, posted to Bombay, sent on to Colombo, and finally found a resting-place in a hospital in the island, being by that time in a rather ragged but still readable condition. Sent by MRS. A. LYNDE, Struan House, Blackburn Park, Didsbury

During the Lahore Riots!

A quiet read, a quiet talk, in a corner of a garden at Lahore, during the recent riots of which we heard so much in this country. Sent from Murree, India. (Sender's name undecipherable)

Off the Beaten Track: Through the Jungle in a "Tamjam"

LIEUT. H. R. N. PRITCHARD, Sirobi, Rajputana, India, says: "The lady reader in the photograph is being carried through the jungle on a 'tamjam,' a means of progression which has often to be resorted to when travelling off the line of railways. The 'bhois,' or bearers, when frequently relieved, can keep up a jog-trot of about six miles an hour for a very long period"

REFLECTIONS FROM THE MOORS

Sport on the Scottish Moors

For at least its first fortnight the grouse-shooting season has not been generally successful, especially in Scotland. The weather has been all against the gunner. The average grouse-shooter is by no means a fair-weather sportsman, and rain showers have, or should have, no terrors for him; but when the downpours are heavy and continuous and a dense mist overhangs the cheerless scene, good sport is obviously out of the question. On the Twelfth and for several days following, the weather was too unfavourable for prolonged shooting, and many parties only went out for two or three hours at a time during the opening week. Consequently, bags have been smaller than usual so far, but birds are plentiful enough on most moors, and an improvement in the conditions is certain to result in excellent sport. The best bags reported in Scotland during the first week were got on the fine Meallmore moors in Inverness-shire, which belong to The Mackintosh (whose famous Moy moors they adjoin), and are let to Mr. Vickers. Here, on the 13th, a party of seven guns, comprising Lord Aberdour, Lord Lathom, Mr. Pierson Gregory, Mr. W. H. Leslie, Mr. Walter Fenwick, Mr. Vincent Vickers, and Mr. Albert Vickers, accounted for 457 brace over the home beat, and on the following day they brought down 480½ brace over the Dalmagany beat. Never has better work been done at Meallmore. Over the Clashnadarroch moors, the famous grouse-shooting ground belonging to Lord Leith of Fyvie, six guns got 293 grouse in one day, and Lord Tweeddale's party, on the Lammermoors, got 207 brace at their first shoot.

Good Bags in the North of England

In Yorkshire and the North of England the weather has not been so bad, and on the majority of moors birds have proved to be stronger on the wing and more plentiful than one could have expected after such a very bad Spring. One need scarcely ever fear for the stock of grouse on the Duke of Devonshire's wide-spreading moors around Bolton Abbey, where the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Mr. Victor Cavendish, who was doing the honours in the regretted absence of the Duke, Lord Stanley, Sir Charles Cust, the Hon. Harry Stonor, Mr. A. Sassoon, and Mr. R. Cavendish, found the birds in first-rate order, and in one day they killed 360 brace. On the Scargill High Moor, Mr. J. J. Bell-Ewing and five other guns bagged 551 brace in their first three days. Sir R. P. Cooper's party of seven got 553 brace in four days at Stanhope Castle, and at Dallowgill 244 brace were killed on the Twelfth. So it will be seen that sport has been good in the English counties. I am sorry to hear doleful accounts of partridges from all parts of the country; and the owners of several important preserves in the South assure me that the little brown bird—who gives such grand sport, as a rule—will be exceedingly scarce in most places when shooting begins on the First.

A School for Shots

In the sport of shooting, nothing has been more remarkable during recent years than the increase in the facilities for mastering the art and for improving one's skill before the opening of the game season. Mr. Charles Lancaster, of 11, Panton Street, Haymarket, whose guns and rifles are favourably known in all parts of the world, has always realised the importance of a well-equipped school, and at Stonebridge Park, on the Harrow road, he has splendid grounds wherein one's powers of shooting may be thoroughly tested. Here there are many ingenious devices and traps that call for all that keenness of vision and quickness of decision so essential in the field. From an exceptionally lofty tower, "clays" are sent rocketing over your head when among the trees, or are sent sailing swiftly towards you when in the open. Then you can enjoy all the pleasures and excitement of "walking up" birds, which are made to rise at every unexpected angle from hidden traps, and the ground you cover is as varied as any you are likely to find in the real thing. You can practice behind the butts at driven grouse or at partridges driven over hedges towards the guns, while there are swift-rolling "clays" to test you in rabbit-shooting. It is impossible for the average man to go through the North-Western Shooting School without deriving benefit both in style and form.

A. W. C.

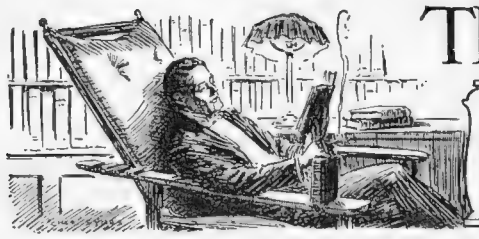
THE OTTER-HUNTING SEASON

Although swollen streams have been rather troublesome, the otter-hunting season has been successful on the whole, and many fine specimens of *lutra vulgaris* have fallen victims to hounds. It has been said that the ways of an otter are the least known and the most inscrutable of all our wild animals, and this bold river marauder often exists in districts where his presence is little suspected. He is known to frequent many of the Surrey streams, and during the present month Mr. Courtenay Tracy had some fine sport on the River Wey after meeting at Frensham. On one occasion this sporting pack accounted for a splendid dog-otter of 24 lb. At about the same time the Crowhurst Hounds were putting in good work on the Rother, killing a bitch of 22 lb., and the various packs in Devonshire—the Tetcott, the Cheriton, the Culmstock—have done well, for in this part of the country there are otters in every stream. The visitor to Porlock and the neighbourhood at this time of the year can enjoy rare sport with hounds, for the best of otter-hunting is at his command, together with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and the chance of a gallop over wild Exmoor.

The Otter Hunting Season

Some impressions of a day's sport with Mr. Courtenay Tracy and his well-known pack on the Wey

BY "SNAFFLES"



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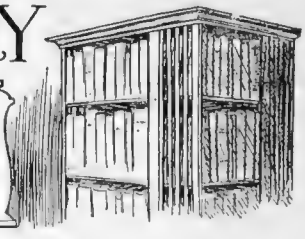

Books to Order This Week

"The Rainy Day." Anon. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Name of Garland" By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Liverpool." By J. Hamilton Hay and Dixon Scott. (A. and C. Black.)

The Nobel Prize

Some mirth was caused at the announcement of the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The Bequest, so far as it concerns authors, was left by the late Dr. Nobel to be awarded annually to the writer who had best served Literature during the past year. Now Mr. Kipling has not had any new books whatever published during the past twelvemonth. True, it may be argued that he has thus done material service to Literature—but that is scarcely the view one would have expected to be taken by so serious a body as the Nobel Trustees. Retrospectively speaking, Mr. Kipling, no doubt, deserves a Nobel Prize for Literature as well as, perhaps, a dozen other English authors one could name. But considering Nobel's enthusiasm for the cause of International peace and brotherhood, we should have thought Kipling—the poet *par excellence* of Chauvinism—anything but an "eligible." But here, again, perhaps it is Mr. Kipling's recent inactivity that is so praiseworthy. Or perhaps they have been reading "Puck of Pook's Hill"—Mr. Kipling's latest—a work which is decidedly conducive to Peace—in fact, to deep repose.

Photo Elliott and Fry

Mr. Rudyard Kipling

Announced to be the winner of the Nobel Prize for services to Literature during the past twelvemonth. He has written very little during that time

"The Rainy Day"

The drabbest, the dullest, and yet quite one of the most artistically satisfying novels of the year rejoices in the title of *The Rainy Day* (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*) Small in bulk, clad in cover of depressing red-brown, anonymous in authorship, it is a story of—Brixton. But wait! Not Brixton of to-day. Not that cosmopolitan centre, trammed and lighted, brisk and busy, which now lies so horribly near us, thanks to over-bridge trams, and which is no longer either gentle or genteel. No! The Brixton of a quarter of a century ago; the Brixton that was Brixton: the suburb that was really a suburb, not as to-day, a New York. *The Rainy Day* tells us about a community in which the only people who are not dreary are damnable. The leading character is an old woman—miserly Mrs. Cavell. A widow, she keeps house for her large family so cleverly, that out of the contributions towards the housekeeping of each member, she amasses, under the bed, quite a fortune. Two troubles cloud her horrid old life: the one, a clerk named Harry Mason, who brings scandal into the family life by a secret marriage with her daughter Rose, and is the father of her unborn child at the time of his accidental death by being thrown from a horse; the other trouble is that Jim, the old woman's scoundrel son from Australia, after blackening the life of Brixton by his brutalities, breaks into his mother's room and robs her of her hoarded savings. The old woman, in order to keep things going, performs marvellous feats of diplomacy. In fact, though a repulsive creature, she possesses a cunning that compels admiration. Perhaps the only thing to arouse the admiration of the reader is the conduct of the dreariest of all the old woman's sons, Boaz. On his blackguard brother Jim's return home, after having been robbed of the money he has stolen from his mother, and blinded by vitriol thrown by his robbers, Boaz, though himself ruined in business, devotes the rest of his own dreary life to trying to mitigate, by kind actions, the hideous sufferings of his blind brother.

Why Write About Commonplace People?

It is an interesting point whether the lives of entirely commonplace people—commonplace alike in their virtues and their vices—are fit subjects for fiction's treatment. We are made to yawn loudly enough by their obtrusion in actual life: why receive them into the seclusion of the library? A book such as *The Rainy Day*, clever as it is as a character study, and strong as is its suggestive power, has not a breath of romance, a touch of actual heroism throughout. What good does it do the reader? To be reminded that there are such people as Mrs. Cavell and Jim is scarcely worth while, even if we are, at the same time, reminded that there are such people as poor Boaz. The best that I can say for *The Rainy Day* is that it is an ideal book *for* "a rainy day." It just fits the sombre gloom of one's mood on such a Sunday as, say, that of August 18, and its immediate predecessors about as far back this "summer" as I can remember.

—Unless You Happen to be Mr. Pett Ridge

Of course, when commonplace people are treated humorously, there is a different tale to be told. Mr. Pett Ridge, for instance, writes usually of people quite as dreary, so far as their environment is concerned, as those of *The Rainy Day*, but how different is the effect on the reader. *Name of Garland* is the latest production from his pen (Methuen: 6*s.*). This story is of Kentish Town, and tells of the love-quests and ambitions of a designing young shopwoman, Miss "Garland"—otherwise Winifred. It makes excellent reading, and the book is a considerably more interesting story than "The Wickhamses" by reason of greater humour and human interest.

About Liverpool

I don't know, of course, but I can guess that when confronted with the task of doing a colour-book for Messrs. Black on Liverpool, the artist, Mr. J. Hamilton Hay, felt he was "up against" a formidable proposition. The material is not promising. A city blessed with little or no history, and therefore with few antiquarian prospects, whose buildings are fine, but precious new, whose streets are wide and spacious, and whose river is abominably broad and healthy—such a city has not much to offer the colour-impressionist. Mr. Hay has, however, done his very best. The sketch, "The Town Hall," with the adventitious aid of an angry sky, is quite picturesque. The Mersey is made to look duly vague and mysterious. The "Bold Street" and the "Lime Street" are pleasing, while the impression of the Electric Car terminus, Pier Head, by night, is a gorgeous blaze. Tramways are much abused, but I don't know what impressionist artists of modern towns would do without them for dazzling nocturnal effects. Similar difficulties to those of Mr. Hamilton Hay are none the less admirably surmounted by his literary colleague, Mr. Dixon Scott, who is responsible for the interesting and highly philosophical text.

Limericks v. Lotteries

So Limericks are not lotteries. The Attorney-General's answer to Mr. Byles will do much to perpetuate this particular form of plague in our midst. It is, of course, impossible to deny that there is an element of skill in adding the needed last line, and there is no reason to doubt the fairness, so far as it is humanly possible, of those engaged in judging the attempts. But a competition may be not a lottery, but—worse. Were I a rampant religious moralist, I should clamour for the suppression not of all competitions that are lotteries, but of all that are not. A national chance contest, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Bourne, and Dr. Clifford as judges, would be the greatest step forward in the direction of sanctifying the State yet devised. Let it come. A country at fever heat with excitement as to its chances in a lottery is a country looking heavenwards—a country primed up with faith and hope, content to leave itself to the benevolence of Chance, the unseen and incorruptible. Such a country is ripe for the appeal of the missionary. But a country at fever heat over a Limerick competition trusts in itself alone—in the merits of the miserable last line it has itself evolved between its ledger-leaves on its employer's notepaper, accompanied by the sixpence on which it should have lunched. It is perky and cocksure that this effort *may* be thought cute by a cricketer; funny by an office boy. It is a country of confidence in its own puny power, a sceptic country, a field ripe for the efforts of the preacher of materialism. Yes, by all means let our religious bodies unite to clamour for the repeal of the Lotteries Act. Let them insist that *all* competitions shall be lotteries; that the man who runs one which has ever so slight an element of skill be himself confiscated.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Photo *Bolak*

A Royal Palace To Let

A Royal Palace, with Ghost, Hidden Treasure, and a History, does not come every day into the market. The old Palace at Richmond, now advertised for sale, was formerly part of the Royal Palace at Sheen, home of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs. Edward III. brought his long reign to a close within its walls, his servants pillaging the Castle after his death. Richard II., assisted by Geoffrey Chaucer, his Clerk of Works, added to the building, and Edward IV. settled it on Queen Elizabeth. Towards the end of the fifteenth century it was burnt down. Henry VII. restored it, and eight years later died within its walls, having, it is said, deposited treasure to the value of £1,800,000 in its vaults. The last Royal personage to reside at the Palace was Queen Charlotte. Its accommodation is modest — five "reception" rooms and ten bedrooms

Golf Notes and Notions

Reporting Golf Matches

An article on this subject by my friend, Mr. F. Kinloch, in *Golf Illustrated*, has brought me to my topic for this week. For, truth to tell, the weekly scribe is sometimes hard put to it in the intervals of great events to find a subject ready to his pen. At the present moment nothing much is going on, for Massey and Braid seem unable (at the moment of writing) to come to an agreement as to the links on which they should play their match, while no other event of stirring importance is agitating the calm surface of the golfing pond. So I must fall back on some reminiscences of two great matches which I had to report for a daily paper. The first occasion on which I had the arduous and responsible duty conferred on me was in 1901, when my brother was editor of the *Daily News*. I was asked first to write a preliminary article discussing the chances of the various competitors in the Amateur Championship of that year, which took place at St. Andrews. Having performed that task, I was then to write a general account of the most important matches of the tournament with a particular report of the final.

A Memorable Encounter

The finalists that year were Mr. Hilton and Mr. Low, and, as anyone acquainted with golf history knows, the match was one of the best and most exciting of later years. I prepared myself for the match by drawing up a series of sheets of notepaper spaced out for every hole. Not being possessed of shorthand powers, I devised a short system of symbols of my own, and thus armed I followed the match, jotting down between strokes and holes a running account of its ups and downs. As the match went along pretty quickly, the crowd and the players getting over the ground at a good pace, it may well be imagined that my notes looked more like an Egyptian inscription than anything else, and I am pretty certain they would not have been of the least use to any rival reporter if I had happened to lose them and he had picked them up. As a matter of fact, I had some difficulty in making them out myself. If I remember rightly, Mr. Hilton was three down at the end of the first round and increased his lead at the fifth hole in the second round to five. This looked a bad business for Mr. Low, but he rose to the occasion, and, by some of the most magnificent putting I have ever seen, he got back three of these five holes when the turn was reached.

Deciphering Hieroglyphics

Thereafter the match was a ding-dong struggle, with Mr. Low hanging on like a bulldog to his opponent. At last he managed to square the match at the sixteenth hole, and the excitement in the crowd rose to fever height. The next two holes remain famous in golfing annals by reason of two superb shots by which Mr. Hilton settled the issue. The first of these shots was his third at the seventeenth hole, a full-play club shot (we were still in the days of the gutty then) which ran a couple of club-lengths beyond the hole, and the next famous shot was a similar full shot for his second, which landed the ball about six feet past the hole. Mr. Low just failed to hole his third and thus lost the match by one hole, as Mr. Hilton made no effort to hole his putt and only made sure of getting it stone dead. I was now left with Saturday and Sunday for the elaboration of my report, which appeared on the following Tuesday in the *Daily News*. I spare my readers an account of the agonies which some of my notes of the earlier matches gave me. The famous Moabite stone, I dare swear, did not give its discoverer greater sorrow to decipher it than did some of my notes their unfortunate author.

Another Experience

Next year I was again commissioned by the same paper, the *Daily News*, to report the Amateur Championship. This time a slight variation of procedure was observed. I had, as before, to write a preliminary survey article, which appeared at the commencement of the tournament. Thenceforward, till the final, I was free of care, as I had only to report that last match and nothing else. But this report I had to send by telegraph on the completion of the match, so that my account might appear in the Saturday's issue of the *Daily News*. When Mr. Hutchings, at the end of the first round, stood eight up, having completed the eighteen holes in the superb score of seventy-five, I felt quite happy at lunch as visions of an early termination of the match in the afternoon came before me, leaving a prospect of plenty of time for my report to be completed, and the possibility of a friendly knock round the Hoylake Links on my own account after tea.

Writing Against Time

But I had reckoned without my host in the shape of Mr. Fry, who, although still eight down with twelve to go, brought the match, by sheer pluck and wonderful putting, to the very last hole. As the match neared a finish, and the crowd increased in activity and numbers, my efforts to see every shot and jot my notes down became a severe strain, which caused my hieroglyphics to be even more undecipherable than those of the year before. I got to my rooms a little after five, and started filling up the Press telegraph-forms at once. I finished at about ten minutes to eight, just in time to get my message over the wires, the office having been kept open specially for me. Wonderful to relate, very few misprints occurred in the report—a great proof of the powers of accurate supervision on the part of the composing department of the *Daily News*. But I have severely eschewed reporting great matches for the daily Press ever since. Like the Cockney who shot a snipe and then never let off his gun again, I doubt whether I should ever have two such extraordinary contests to describe again as the Hilton-Low and Hutchings-Fry matches of 1901 and 1902.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

CRICKET

Final, but Inconclusive

It is generally acknowledged that England were lucky to win the second Test Match, and in the third such luck as there was certainly did not favour the South Africans. They were in when the wicket was at its worst, on the morning of the third day, and this prevented them from getting within measurable distance of England's useful first innings score of 295. When our men went in again, the wicket was still difficult enough, but with a lead of 117 they were practically safe from defeat, and, in fact, stood a good chance of winning if they could knock up a fair number of runs quickly and then declare. They tried it at the start, but after C. B. Fry, Hayward, and Tyldesley had left in a hurry, the idea had to be given up, and R. E. Foster and Braund had to devote themselves for a time strictly to defence; nor did subsequent attempts to quicken the pace meet with much success, and, though in the end the visitors were set to get 256 to win, the runs had taken too long in the making, for only two hours and forty minutes remained for play.

The Inevitable Draw and How Both Sides Tried to Prevent It

The question was, would the South Africans content themselves with playing for the draw, or would they burn their boats and risk defeat in the attempt to knock off the runs—at the rate, be it remembered, of about a hundred runs an hour? They chose the chivalrous course, and their plucky action changed what promised to be a dull afternoon into a most interesting, and, for a while, positively exciting, one. The first two to go in, Sinclair and Faulkner, actually did score at the requisite rate, and 50 went up in the first half-hour; the wicket, too, was improving, and the bowling seemed far from deadly. But after they had left, it soon became apparent that "it couldn't be done." White failed, and so did Vogler, just when he seemed to be getting on nicely; while, although Shalders and S. J. Snooke stayed in and batted steadily (though by no means tamely), the clock had the best of it, and the light—or, rather, want of it—did the rest. And so, after all, it was a draw, and we enjoy the barren honour of having won a rubber, the result of which proves nothing. If I were asked to say what pleased me most in the course of the match, I should name Sherwell's splendid wicket-keeping; Hirst's steadiness on the last afternoon, when the South Africans were going all out for the runs and looked for a while like getting them; and Fry's wonderfully patient first innings. Looked at from one point of view, it was really this innings which saved England. Without it we should not have had that nice little 117 to go on with; and although it was at times almost grotesquely cautious, and was terminated by quite a bad ball, yet it was what was wanted, and will undoubtedly be remembered as one of Fry's notable exploits.

N. A. Knox

Who is retiring from cricket to study singing under Jean de Reske

SURREY'S TWO LOSSES

Lord Dalmeny

Retiring from the Captaincy of the County "owing to the pressure of Parliamentary duties"

LAWN TENNIS

What To Do with Our Bad Players

It is a curious fact that the regeneration of lawn tennis has brought about, in a somewhat acute form, the revival of a difficulty which frequently arose when the game was an entirely new one. The bad player has once again come into prominence. He existed, naturally enough, when the game was both new and popular; and when the game ceased to be either new or popular he

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

BY J. BLAKE WIRGMANN

SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

ceased to exist, or at any rate retired into private life, and thereby incidentally relieved handicappers from the difficult task of handicapping him according to his deserts. But during the last two or three seasons he has again been with us—and this season more markedly than ever. He has been encouraged, by the way in which the game has "come on" again, to leave the precincts of his club, or even of his own private garden, and try his luck in open competition, and the result is that while the standard of play among those who compete regularly in open tournaments has improved considerably, the difference between the regular tournament player and the player who is trying his luck in public for the first or second, or even the third, time is very considerable. What is a handicapper to do with these bad players?

man with a start of 30 cannot win, or, at any rate, go near to winning, he ought to make up his mind to go out in the first or second round, or else not to enter at all. The only possible way in which a player of this type can be given a fair chance without unduly prejudicing the chances of those who are opposed to him is by dividing the handicap into two classes, and the real object of this little homily is to suggest the more general adoption of two classes in handicap events. The pervading idea seems to be: two classes if sufficient entries, and consequently we get two classes only at the big meetings. But this is all wrong. Two classes are just as necessary at small meetings, where the difference between the best and the worst players is represented by owe 30 at one end and receive 30.3 at the other; and in such cases it would be far better to have two

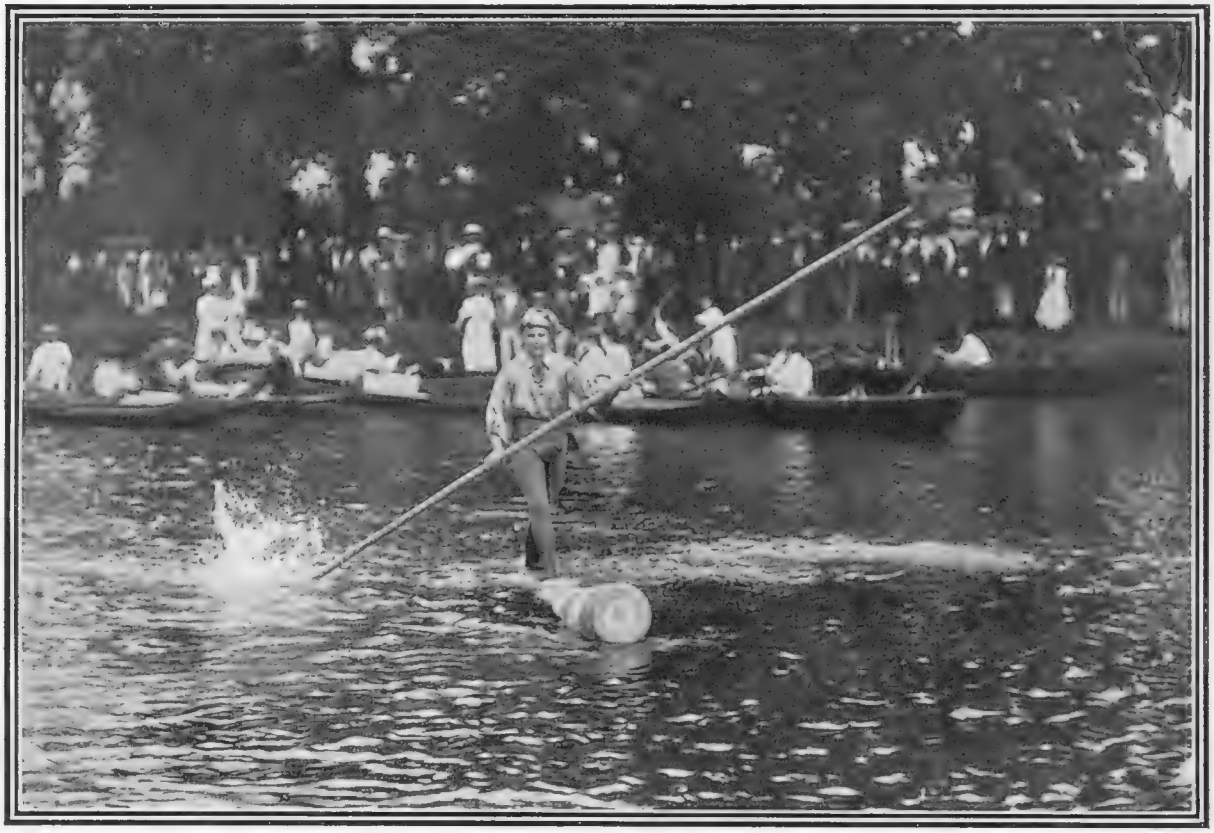

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Theatrical Fête at Tagg's Island, Molesey: Log-Rolling by Leonard Durrell

Molesey was last week the scene of a Theatrical Fête, organised by the Molesey Boat Club instead of the Invitation Regatta which is usually held. The fun was fast and furious, and a long programme was worked through

The Need for Two Classes of Handicaps

It must be admitted that they ought to be given a chance of winning, and yet experience has proved that, in order to to give them that chance it is necessary to give them such a long start that they have only to win two or three aces in each game, while their opponents have to win double or even treble that number. This may be all very well so long as the conditions are normal; but a little luck, a false bound or two, or a high wind, may enable them to score game after game before their adversaries have been able to get even as far as deuce. Herein lies the danger of starts over 30, and although it is not unusual nowadays to see starts of 30.2 and even 30.3 on a programme, I am bound to say that the general feeling among lawn-tennis players is that if a classes, however small, with only one or two prizes in each, than one class with two or four prizes. And I should like to see the same system applied to Doubles, in which the difference between individual pairs is sometimes even greater than the difference between individual players in Singles.

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England's Olympian Games

THE SPORTS AT GRASMERE

Photo] **Grasmere Sports: The Wrestling Matches** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Photo *Dixon*

The Guides' Race

This trying race to the top of Butter Crag and back was again won by E. H. Dalzell, of Keswick, who was first last year

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Lonsdale Presenting the Silver Belt

The winner of the Heavy Weights was W. Studholme, of Great Broughton, and the prize, which takes the form of a silver belt, was presented by Lady Lonsdale. The Earl is seen standing in the background

Photo] **"The County" Watches the Events** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The Grasmere sports are the most important event in the course of the year to the hardy inhabitants of the Dales, and this season there was no diminution in the number of entries or the keenness of the contestants. Even the elements were fairly kind last week, and though a light rain from the hills somewhat damped the enthusiasm of "the county," it had no adverse effect on the excitement and interest displayed by the competitors and their friends gathered together from all parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland

RACING NOTIONS

EBOR AND GIMCRACK. By CARBINE

Racing in the North

We have missed many familiar faces in the racing enclosures lately, but they will foregather in force again at York this week. Racing on the Knavesmire is always very popular, the wide stretch of turf having almost as many classic associations as the Town Moor at Doncaster, and I am glad to know that the future of the famous racecourse is assured. There was some question as to future ways and means, but I cannot imagine any Yorkshireman with the true sporting instinct doing anything which might seriously jeopardise racing on the Knavesmire after it had been held there for two centuries. Last week there was little to complain of in the sport seen at Stockton and Hurst Park. I always regard Stockton as one of the best-managed meetings in the country, and on each of the three days the crowd was huge. It was a severe blow to backers when St. Ollalia only got third for the Durham County Produce Plate, but she had won a good race two days previously, and is undoubtedly a game, stout-hearted filly.

Concerning the St. Leger

Colonel E. W. Baird has wisely decided not to run any risks with Wool Winder. The colt has put in a good deal of work in public during the season, and it will do him no harm to keep away from the racecourse until the St. Leger. Orby, as we expected, has been struck out of the race. Of advance betting on the Doncaster race there is practically none. It is not yet certain whether the French colt, Roi Herode, will be sent across the Channel for the race. His appearance will make all the difference. Without him, the race will be much less interesting. It will look, indeed, something like a certainty for Woolwinder. The colt most likely to effect a surprise is Comus, by whom I was much impressed when seeing him win at Newmarket last month, and he would seem to offer an attractive investment for win and place.

At Hurst Park

Woolwinder's absence from the valuable Lennox Plate at Hurst Park on Saturday increased rather than diminished the interest in that race. For, instead of a canter home for the Leger favourite, we saw a tremendous finish between Baltinglass and Eastern. Major Loder was running the first named in preference to Weathercock, and the colt started favourite. But Eastern had almost as many friends, and the excitement was enormous as the pair raced home neck and neck. Dillon on Baltinglass and Lynham on Eastern put in all they knew, and each jockey thought he had just won. None of the onlookers were certain which way the race had gone. Most of them believed, in fact, that the favourite had won. But Eastern's number went up, and the judge's verdict was that Mr. Fairie had scored by the narrowest of margins. It is no secret that Mr. "Fairie" is the assumed racing name of Mr. A. Cox, who has always been one of the Turf's best supporters, and is deserving of good successes like this one at Hurst.

The Great Ebor Handicap

At York to-day (Wednesday) people will be anxiously engaged in endeavouring to find the winner of the Great Ebor Handicap, one of the best long-distance handicaps of the year. It requires a genuine stayer to win this race, and I think we have such a horse in Plum Tree, who carries top weight. Feather Bed and Great Scot are unreliable, and Nightfall has performed very disappointingly since nearly beating Bridge of Canny early in the season. Mr. J. C. Sullivan has three to choose from, including a former winner in The Page, while Bibiani and Speculor are sure to have supporters. But better than any of these I like Chuckaway, who stays well and is very nicely treated in the weights. My selection is **Plum Tree,** and I think Chuckaway is sure to carry Mr. Alexander's colours into a place. The Duke of York Stakes, on the same afternoon, may be won by **St. Martin.**

The Gimcrack Stakes

Who is, this year, to have the honour of receiving an invitation to the Annual Dinner of the ancient fraternity of York Gimcracks in token of victory in the historic Stakes on Thursday? Will Mr. W. Hall Walker follow the successes of Colonia and Polar Star, and win it for the third year in succession? Gimcrack brethren would doubtless like to entertain a new winner this year, but there can be no denying Mr. Hall Walker's excellent prospects of taking the race again. He has a good selection to choose from, including White Eagle, Royal Realm, and Indian Runner. If White Eagle were to be started I should look no further for the winner, but it is possible that his owner may keep back the undefeated colt until Doncaster, and I do not fancy his other candidates. Sir Archibald, of course, will go close if he competes, but that seems rather doubtful, in view of an earlier engagement at the meeting. Lord Rosebery will probably send a dangerous competitor in Olympus, Mr. J. B. Joel's Your Majesty must be reckoned with, and so must Lord Derby's Bonspiel II., who ran so promisingly at Ascot. It is, in short, a most interesting affair, and in the probable absence of White Eagle I look for the success of **Bonspiel II. Qu'appelle** may secure the Great Yorkshire Stakes.

Bookmakers Act as Railway Agents

For some years past the general managers of British railways have every few months been startled by some daring and hitherto unthought-of scheme worked up by the Great Central Railway. Their latest sensation has been to appoint Messrs. Beresford and Smith, two well-known bookmakers, as Racecourse Agents of the Company.

Seated in the Ring, a bunch of Great Central handbills advertising racing excursions, flutter on Mr. Beresford's back, and sporting men are able to buy their railway tickets to the next race-meeting situated on the Great Central system at the same time that they stake their money on their "fancy."

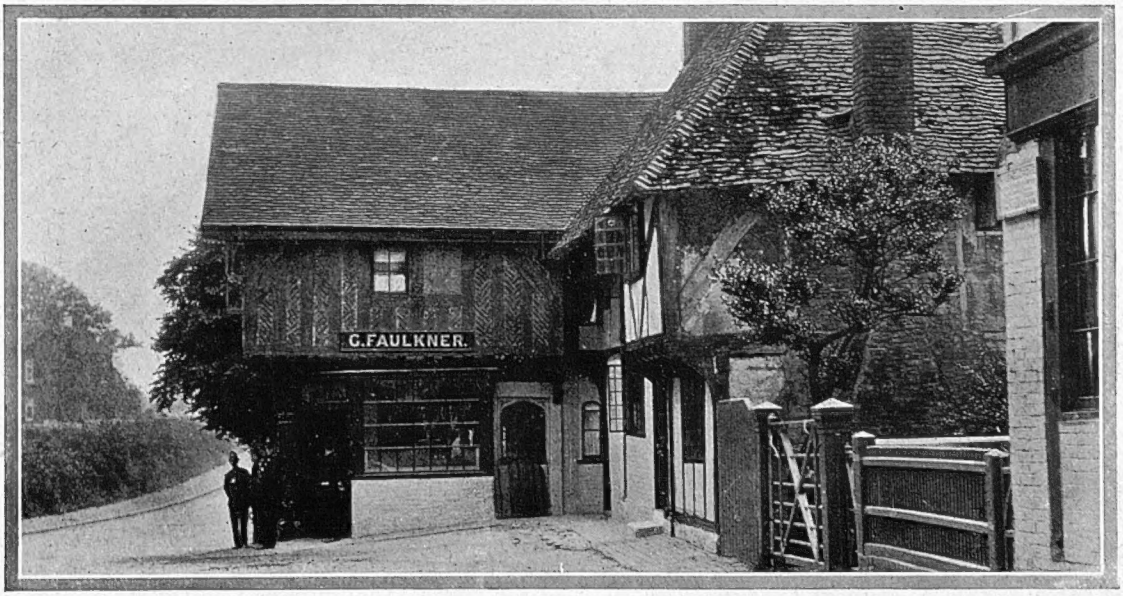
The Car in Arcadia

PICTURESQUE SPOTS ON FAVOURITE MOTORING ROADS

THE HUT HOTEL, WISLEY A WELL-KNOWN REFUGE ON THE FAMOUS RIPLEY ROAD

A CORNER ON THE TUNBRIDGE ROAD

A CURLY BIT OF ROAD NEAR DETHING VILLAGE, MAIDSTONE (KENT)



OLD TIMBERED HOUSES AT LINGFIELD VILLAGE, SUSSEX

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

One Sunday morning, quite recently, I spent an hour observing the cars that passed along the Portsmouth Road, perhaps the thoroughfare most frequented by motorists from Town. It was, surprising to say, a fine day, and nearly a hundred cars of all sorts and conditions whizzed by.

* * *

Of this number scarcely more than one-third were being driven by amateurs. The remaining two-thirds were, therefore, entrusted to the care of chauffeurs. It would have been interesting to know how many of the owners of these cars were able to drive themselves if they desired. I should imagine not a great many, for, if a man can drive his own car, it seems inconceivable that he would not prefer to have the pleasure of handling it himself, at all events until he became tired. It is a fact that the number of motor-car owners who know little or nothing about their car, and are incapable of driving themselves, is not only a large one, but is rapidly increasing. The result is that the owner is in the hands of his chauffeur, and experience of the average professional driver forces one to admit that he is scarcely an acquisition, however one looks at him. His main object is to make as much money as he can out of his employer beyond his legitimate wages. The car is always wanting something, or is out of order. Indeed, there is no end to the devices and tricks which an unscrupulous chauffeur can play on an employer, who, he knows, has to leave the car entirely to his tender mercies, as his master is ignorant of its intricacies.

* * *

Whether an owner cares to drive or not, he should certainly make a point of knowing how to do so. He should also become thoroughly acquainted with the various parts of the car, for it is not unlikely that his knowledge will stand him in good stead, sooner or later. The

Car-icature—No. XLI.: The Earl of Lonsdale

Famous, to an almost unsurpassed degree, in field sports, and a devout lover of the horse, Lord Lonsdale is by no means a despiser of the motor. He is President of the Brooklands Club, and was one of the first peers to adopt automobilism

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

60 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, side entrance, *guaranteed* in first-class order, £750; 10-12 H.-P. DE DION, side entrance, sliding gears, detachable top, £250; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

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Mr. Warwick Wright on his Racing Minerva

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

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The unparalleled success of these famous Motor vehicles in all the principal genuine Hill Climbs, Races, and Trials during the past two years, justifies and bears out the claim of Efficiency.

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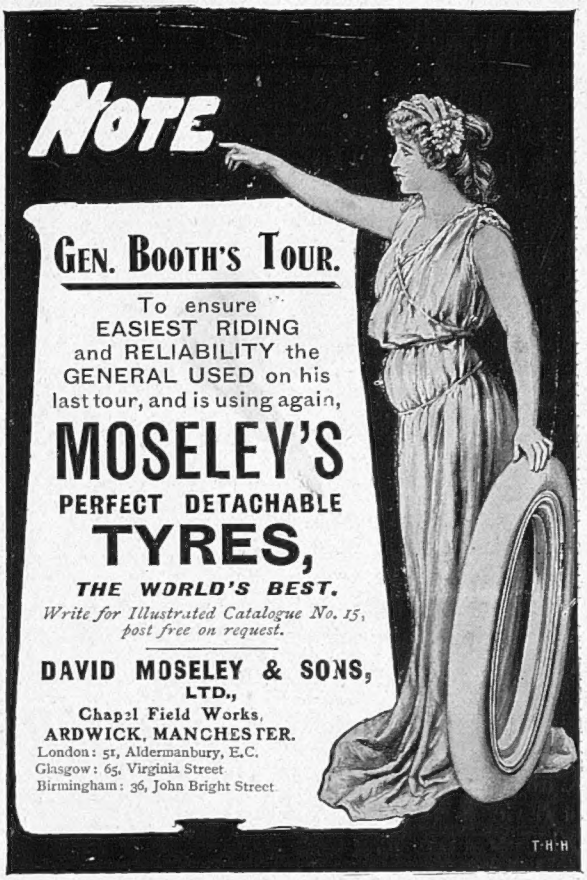

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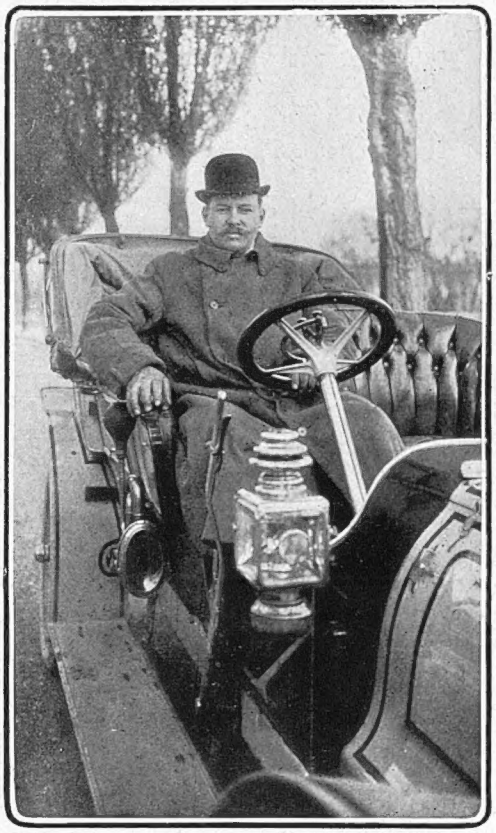
average chauffeur, whose business it is to know, frequently betrays an abysmal ignorance of the car he is paid to look after and drive. Many car-owners are bored at the prospect of learning how to drive and manage their cars. Yet a very few lessons will suffice. The pleasure they will then get in driving themselves will far more than compensate for the trouble of tuition.

* * *

Anyone wanting a thoroughly simple car, and yet at the same time a car with a reputation, might do worse than approach Messrs. Colin Defries, Ltd., the concessionnaires of the Porthos Car. The designer of the Porthos is Mr. Kieffer, who is responsible for all the various patents in the present design. I hear that he has now practically completed a new system of gearing, which will do away with the necessity of changing speeds, the change-speed quadrant having three notches: one for the reverse, one for neutral, and one for forward speeds. The gears, which are always in mesh, adapt themselves automatically to the speed of the motor, and the work it has to do. With such an absolutely perfect device a novice can drive the car at once, provided only he can steer.



Mr. Kieffer, Designer of the Porthos Car

He is working very hard on a new system of gearing, which will obviate the necessity for changing speeds

* * *

Last week I published a letter from Colonel Bosworth, the chairman of the Automobile Association, on the subject of the differences between the A.A. and the Motor Union. The latter body have replied to Colonel Bosworth's manifesto to the Press. Their defence — if such it can be termed—is worded in a most temperate manner, and states that the Union twice placed a proposal before the A.A. on the subject of scouts which was twice rejected. Until one knows what that proposal was, it is useless to discuss it. Looking at the trend of affairs purely from the motorist's point of view, I am not sure that, now the inevitable quarrel has arisen between the two organisations, it is entirely an unmixed evil. Whether the Motor Union, now it has copied its rival's successful scheme and placed scouts on the road will render the work of the A.A. unnecessary, and thus eventually kill it or not, remains to be seen. One thing is very certain—there is no necessity for both concerns. The Motor Union, as a body to look after the interests of motorists, came into being four years ago as an off-shoot of the Royal Automobile Club, and since then its influence, mostly directed till recently to the legislative side, has succeeded, under the able management of Mr. Rees-Jeffreys, in ameliorating the lot of the motorist in many directions. The Automobile Association was the outcome of the placing of patrols along the Brighton Road by Mr. Charles Jarrott at a time when police traps were super-abundant, and that it fulfilled a long-felt want was evidenced by its popularity. The A.A. has always been thoroughly alive to what was required, while the Motor Union has shown an inclination to take a slower and more formal view of affairs. Without the competition of the A.A., who would contend that it would ever have adopted the policy of placing scouts on the highways? At the same time, it must not be forgotten that not only has the Motor Union a more recognised status in the eyes of officialdom, but, what is, after all, of importance to the motorist, its subscription is only a guinea a year, against a couple of guineas to the Automobile Association. If, therefore, the two organisations are merged into one, and the subscription remains at a guinea only, it will be of advantage to motorists as a body.—COMYNS BEAUMONT.

The talk of the motor world is the remarkable efficiency shown by the two WESTINGHOUSE Cars which finished 2nd and 6th in the "Coupe de la Presse."—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

* * *

Miscellanea

It is announced that Mr. E. H. Watson has been appointed managing director of Argyll Motors, Ltd., and will shortly take up his residence in the North, but will not sever his connection with Argylls (London), Ltd. Mr. T. Byron, who has been connected with Argylls (London), Ltd., since its inception, will in future act as manager of the London house.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XLI.: The Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale

Many, if not most, of the reforms which have been instituted in the Weybridge motor-race track of late are directly due to the great personal interest which Lord Lonsdale, who is President of the Brooklands Club, has displayed. In earlier years the subject of this week's Car-icature was widely known in connection with other branches of sport. It is on record that he drove a four-in-hand over the ice which covered the Serpentine many winters ago when nights were cold, and his hunting and shooting expeditions still afford fruitful themes for admiring conversation in countless club smoking-rooms. A personal friend of the Kaiser, the Earl has enjoyed the distinction of entertaining H.I.M. at his beautiful seat in the North, while to his less exalted friends in the world of automobilism he is, as ever, *persona grata*, and a real good sportsman. D. M.